ALARMING DANGER OF CINEMA SHOWS.

Modern Man

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER OF GENERAL INTEREST.

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SOMETHING NEW.

Modern Man

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PLAIN SPEAKING.

We shall be pleased to receive from readers in any part of the country information regarding local affairs or newspaper cuttings on matters of topical interest, suitable to deal with under this heading.

With newspaper cuttings the title heading of the paper must be enclosed, and where written matter is sent it must be accompanied by proof that it is authentic.

Our Frontispiece.

Once again our artist has certainly hit the nail plumb on the head. The situation at the commencement of yet another New Year is aptly pictured. We see taxi-driver Time setting down from his "Up-to-Date" cab three distinguished fares. These, to use an appropriate pantomime simile, are the season's Principal Boy and Girl, leading by the hand the Young Man of the Moment, *Modern Man*. This gay young spark is moving towards you, readers one and all, to wish you, on behalf of the Editor and his loyal staff, the very happiest and most prosperous of years in 1913.

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Suppressing Names in Court.

We don't like this growing tendency to permit the concealment of names in our Courts of Law. It is very natural that witnesses and prosecutors should sometimes be solicitous to be allowed to appear anonymously—prisoners also would be much obliged if their modest desire to be kept out of the limelight could be gratified.

Very, very occasionally the suppression of names may conceivably be justifiable, or even desirable, at certain stages, in the interests of justice—but not a name should ever be held back save for the gravest reasons, and never, in any circumstances, in mere deference to personal wish. There is a vital principle at stake in excluding *sub rosa* evidence from all trials. The "fierce light" of full publicity must not be turned off from the witness box.

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A burglar stole 200 pipes from a church organ in France. He must have been bent on taking notes.

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Too Good to be True.

A physician in Germany—where the far-boomed but quickly abandoned Koch "cure" came from—proclaims to the world that in a serum of turtle he has discovered an infallible remedy for tuberculosis. He claims to have saved 600 patients already, and to be very busy saving more. The world, when it is sick, will swallow anything—literally and metaphorically—and it is quite on the cards that there will be a rush of consumptives for the new turtle serum, which is administered by injection, by the by, and not swallowed.

But until more is known and seen, the many bitter disappointments of the past justify an attitude of present scepticism as to the efficacy of the new use to which this German medical scientist is "turning turtle."

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"Many a man of decent education is quite unable to spell with any semblance of correctness," says a well-known headmaster. A complaint such as this is an aspersion on the *characters* of some men.

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Premature Court Announcements.

Sir Frederick Ponsonby, K.C.V.O., who between the years 1894 and 1901 was Equerry Assistant Keeper of the Privy Purse, and Assistant Private Secretary to Queen Victoria, performed the same duties for King Edward VII. and has since been almost invaluable to King George V., has lately been the subject of a remarkable sensation in Court circles.

This originated from the announcement made some time ago that Sir Frederick had been offered, and had accepted, the post of Governor of Bombay. It culminated, however, a few days ago, when the announcement was officially denied with startling suddenness.

His Majesty, who is said not to be able to spare Sir Frederick Ponsonby from his present office of Senior Assistant Private Secretary, is known to be very annoyed at the spreading of the previous announcement; and the statement, made in official language, that suitable reprimands have been issued to the parties principally concerned, means, in plain English, that several Court officals—who shall not be named—have been having a very unpleasant time lately.

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Mr. Hamilton, of the Divorce Law Reform Union, says, "It is a common thing for married men to pose as bachelors." In other words, married men are not always "model" husbands.

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Gone!

There seems to be an extraordinary number of disappearances lately. Men and women have vanished as completely as though the earth had opened and swallowed them. Where a cause for self-effacement is known, or can be reasonably surmised, the only puzzle is as to how, in the conditions of modern life, the disappearants manage to escape the many agencies set to work to trace them; but in several cases recently the question is not only how do they do it, but why do they do it?

Even conjecture is baffled by this mystery. The fact is that in many an apparently common-place life there are unsuspected secrets of tragedy and romance. People, as well as things, "are not always what they seem."

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The Pistol Peril

Last week we referred to the expressed regret of the Home Secretary that he "cannot hold out any hope of immediate legislation" on the subject of the scandalous ease with which intending murderers and suicides can arm themselves with that cheap and handy little instrument of death, the revolver.

Once more we ask Mr. McKenna what he is waiting for? More murders, more suicides, more instances of the extreme facility with which the pistol adapts itself to the temperamental frolicsomeness of the didn't-know-it-was-loaded idiot? Already the number of quite recent cases is appalling, and the long list is added to about every other day. Existing restrictions on sale and purchase are obviously insufficient and inefficient.

The Acts in present existence cannot be said to be in present operation, for makers and dealers find no difficulty in driving a motor-omnibus through them. Although there can be no positive safeguard against misuse, the area of potential mischief and danger could easily be narrowed by insistence on certain conditions and qualifications of possession, and by the levying of a substantial tax, prohibitive in intent and in exaction on the ownership of a "practicable" pistol of any kind.

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Cocky Corporations.

Corporate bodies are apt to be much too cocky. "Dressed in a little brief authority," their members are very liable to get balloon-headed. A month ago the Brighton Councillors put their veto on Sunday pictures. Now they are obliged to take it off again, because they have learnt what they ought to have known—that being that they have no power to enforce Sunday closing.

We are glad to notice that all employees at the Brighton picture halls are to have one day's holiday during the week, though that holiday need not be on Sunday.

BEGIN THE NEW YEAR BY SENDING FOOTBALL FORECASTS.

Working Men Justices.

A railway porter of Exeter and a railway signalman of Dare (Hertfordshire), both Councillors, have just been made Justices of the Peace. There are now quite a number of "working men" so commissioned—a fact which is all for good. For generations J.P.'s of the fine old crusted country-family brand have had far too much of a monopoly of the Bench; what the country has long wanted there, and is now getting there, are men in closer touch with the real life of the people.

If the law is no respector of persons, let its administrants be selected without respect for caste and class.

Mr. P. R. Gayton, J.P., Exeter, and Mr. Herbert Kinnard, J.P., Dare, *Modern Man* congratulates you.

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A £200,000 Character.

Mr. Pierpont Morgan told the Banking and Currency Committee at Washington the other day that he advanced £200,000 to a man whom he knew to be without a cent. in the world—he credited him wholly and solely on his character.

Our own confidence in impecunious human nature—to the extent of half-a crown—has been seriously weakened by experience.

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Suicide.

The Directors of the Salvation Army Anti-Suicide Bureau claims that 500 men have been saved from self-destruction by the department this year, and that more than 5,000 rescues have been effected by it since its establishment five years ago. Mr. Emerson (the official in charge) and his staff listen to stranger and sadder and more tragic life stories than have ever been imagined by novelist or dramatist.

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Their work of rescue is one of extraordinary difficulty, necessitating the exercise of extraordinary tact, and the possession of extraordinary wisdom and knowledge. Humanly speaking, their task is often to all appearance a hopeless one, and their almost exceptionless success is a momumental tribute to their special qualifications.

The bureau has listed the reasons to which its consultants have assigned their purpose or wish of taking their own lives, the causes being tabulated as follows: Financial, 55 per cent.; drink, drugs and disease, 10 per cent.; melancholia, 9 per cent.; crime, 5 per cent.; accidents, sickness, and other misfortunes, 21 per cent. Further analysis of the statistics of the Bureaus emphasises our protests on the subject of the Pistol Peril. The department has a collection of revolvers taken from intending suicides, some by force and some by persuasion.

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Sir Thomas Lipton says that he will make another attempt to carry off the America Cup in 1914. Other people are only just making their 1913 resolutions.

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White Slave Act in Operation.

The increased powers of magistrates under the White Slave Act are already being exercised. Sentencing a prisoner at Old Street for having lived on the immoral earnings of a woman, Mr. Biron explained: "The law now says you have to convince me that you are earning your own living, and you have failed to do so. It has also increased my powers of punishment from three months to six months for this offence"—and six months he made it.

Had the brute before him elected to be sent to the sessions for trial, he would there have been liable, under the new Act, to imprisonment for two years.

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Pay in the R.N.

The question of pay in the Royal Navy is not disposed of by the recent grant of a general advance. There is a disposition on the part of the Admiralty, and, we are glad to have some reason for believing, an intention, to grant further concessions when practicable. In particular, the special claims of married men on the lower deck for further consideration are overdue for attention.

TRAVESTIED PLAY TITLE: "THE SLEEPING BEAUTY."

Judge and Jurywomen.

How pleasantly and amiably lovely woman can get her own way when she wants to and means to. The Judge of a Court at Idaho has just had the following experience. He was trying a case with a jury of ladies, who had given their attention to it for the greater part of the morning. Up rose the forewoman, with the remark: "Please we want you to adjourn the Court, Judge, because we have to go home now to get dinner ready for our families."

The gasping Judge explained that no jury was allowed out of the custody of the Court except in charge of the Deputy Sheriff.

"We can't take him with us," said the forelady. "It wouldn't be convenient."

She and her sisters listened patiently to a judicial exposition of the law they were about to break. Then, when it had all been made quite clear to them, they smoothed their hair, stabbed on their hats, and filed slowly out with a smiling "Good morning, Judge"—and the Court had to wait till they came back.

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"As I prefer fresh flowers to weeds, so I prefer the cultured phrase to expletives," said a young man charged at Marylebone with using bad language. This is evidence in itself that he was addicted to the use of "flowery" language.

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Lord Charles "At Sea."

Lord Charles Beresford has a fine record in the Service he loves so well, and both in that Service and out of it has earned and won the gratitude of a country that is proud of him and fond of him. But from his recent encounter with Mr. Winston Churchill he certainly came off second best, the latter completely justifying his challenged action in the matter of the "resignation" of Admiral Sir Francis Bridgeman.

Lord Charles made a mistake. Let us forget it. He has often been "at sea" before, and found himself there again.

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Turkish cigarettes are dearer! Was the war worth while?

IPSWICH READER WINS "FIRSTS AND LASTS" FIRST PRIZE.

A campaign against late hours at dances, has been started in America. We know many men here who object to their wives leading them a dance when they return home in the early hours of the morning.

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Hero, Scoundrel and Convict.

A striking reminder of the fact that character and conduct do count for or against a man's chances in life is to be found in the case of an ex-soldier named Patrick Ryan, just sent to penal servitude for ten years.

This man, we remember, was actually recommended for the V.C. for conspicuous gallantry in South Africa during the late war there; and nothing and nobody could have prevented him from receiving it but himself and his own bad record in the Army. This record was so bad as to shut him out from the most coveted honour a soldier can receive.

Think of the pity of it all—a hero, a scoundrel, and a convict, who deserved what he lost and lost what he deserved.

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Women advertisers are forming a club like the Aldwych Club. With such a lead in clubs, we are not surprised at women following suit.

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Logheads at Loggerheads.

The ructions at the Pontypool Baptist chapel are exciting, but not edifying. Their cause is an old and familiar one in far too many cases of more or less similar ruction among the elect and the converted—a fall-out between pastor and deacons.

The rights and wrongs of the disagreement in the present case are to be thrashed out in Court, and in the meantime we can expect little news from the seat of war, the Rev. Daniel Hughes having been interdicted from preaching the Gospel with the help of his sledge-hammer—with which he has been smashing windows with the ardour of a Suffragette, and breaking open gates that had been closed and locked against him: all to make good his forbidden entrance, the deacons having declared that where Hughes Hughesed to preach he should preach no more.

There is something rather heroic in the spectacle of this pastor wielding his sledge-hammer, and we shall listen with interest to what he may have to say for himself.

Meanwhile, we cannot help thinking that, before the present pass was reached, some of these fiery Baptists of Pontypool would have done well had they cooled their hot heads by holding them under the waters of their own baptising pool for a few hours.

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According to Sir John Bland-Sutton, elephants may have toothache in their tusks. Tusk-extraction would be a very pains-taking operation.

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Is the N.R. to Go to Pot?

It is very little more than two and a half years ago that the issue of an Army Order officially regularised the status of the National Reserve as an integral portion of the armed forces of the King.

To-day that force numbers 170,000 men and officers. In different branches, for different periods, and under different conditions—and widely as they differ now in their degrees of constitutional and acquired efficiency—these 170,000 men have all served under arms. The proportion of fully trained and fully experienced is large, about 60 per cent. being ex-regulars. Eighty-five per cent. are under 55 years of age, and 57 per cent. are under 45. Every man has gratuitously as well as voluntarily incurred the obligation to place himself at the call of the military authorities for active service in home defence in the event of a national emergency. The uses of such a force are manifold; its usefulness is obvious. The only present grant for its maintenance is one shilling per head per year. As we have insistently urged, the N.R. has much more than justified its existence.

It has justified its claim, and proved its title, to such support from the War Office and the National Exchequer as shall save it from going to pieces. The crisis of its fate can be postponed neither indefinitely nor much longer. Is it to be lost, or is it to be consolidated and conserved?

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Edinburgh Leads.

Of the whole male population of the United Kingdom, the proportion of National Reservists is 6.66 per 1,000. In Surrey, where the movement began, it is 12.70 per 1,000. London improves on this by reaching 15.42, and Oxford beats London by showing 19.14. Edinburgh comes out top of all the list, with the splendid return of 39.17, her total being 6,074 officers and men, 3,188 of whom are under 45 years of age.

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A correspondent of the *Daily Mail* writes, "I climb 1,060 stairs a day. Multiply this number by 6, and the number of stairs climbed in a week is 6,312." He seems to have tripped over the other 48.

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Should Women Teach Boys?

In "The Woman Teacher's World" Mr. W. B. Steer writes very ably on (primarily) the interesting and important question: Should women teach boys? They are put to this work because, he remarks bluntly, they are cheap.

But the one thing that ought to be considered is whether they can foster manly character in boys. Of course they can talk about manly virtues, just as men can talk about womanly virtues; but example is the thing, and how can either sex exemplify the special virtues properly peculiar to the other?

"I am bound to say," declares Mr. Steer, "from my own experience, that England is undermining the womanliness of our girls by allowing men to teach them, and I am not one whit less emphatic in my belief that women teachers are unable to bring out the best traits of a growing boy."

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"The sale of the baby's comforter ought to be prohibited by law," says the *Times*. It is evidently impossible to get these salutary reforms till every baby has a vote.

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Fiery Films.

Everybody is interested now in picture shows, and most people are under the impression that all the picture halls of Greater London are under the jurisdiction of the London County Council, and require the license of that body. It has been made apparent, however, that its authority is only operative as regards those halls in which inflammable films are used. No license is required where non-inflammable films are used, and no power is vested in the Council to prevent the proprietors of such establishments from opening them on Sundays.

If inflammable films are sufficiently dangerous to subject all buildings in which they are employed to special supervision, and to exercise special official control, it seems to us they must be sufficiently dangerous to warrant and call for their entire prohibition. It is no satisfaction after a fire to be assured that the site of its outbreak was duly licensed.

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The Liberals' reply to the no "food-tax" speech: Oh, Law?"

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A picture-film has been produced showing the right and wrong way of getting off a motor-bus. This is certainly a step in the right direction.

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Suffragette Items to Date.

Pillar-box outrages continue; the cutting of the wires of public telephone boxes has begun; the glass faces of more fire alarms have been smashed. All is gay! A "lady" at Bow Street Police Court placidly mentioned that it had been her intention to set fire to an important public building; her present intention was "to do something very desperate."

With another sweet thing in skirts, dear Gladys Evans—sentenced to five years for doing her best to burn down the Dublin Theatre Royal, and released because she refused her grub—has been charged with failing to report herself to the police. Why wasn't she sent back to suffer, in its fulness, the righteous sentence from which she was unrighteously allowed to wriggle?

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People who never weep are said to be less healthy than copious tear-shedders. Perhaps this explains also why crocodiles manage to live to such vast ages.

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A burglar alarm has been invented, which goes off as soon as a light falls on it. Burglars will now "rays" the alarm themselves.

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The Law's Delays.

A Royal Commission has been appointed to inquire into the scandalous congestion of business at the Law Courts. We say again what we have said before—shorten the Long Vacation, which unnecessarily, unreasonably, and iniquitously abbreviates the legal year.

DEVOTE TIME TO FILLING IN "FIRSTS AND LASTS" COUPONS

A member of the Austrian Parliament spoke recently for 13½ hours without a pause. What a splendid argument for Woman Suffrage in Austria!

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King George's Reverence.

The growing tendency of the present day smart set to treat with levity the religious aspect of life, is discountenanced fairly plainly by a written statement of Lord Knollys's—obviously sanctioned by His Majesty. "It is quite true," writes Lord Knollys, "that the King promised Queen Alexandra, as long ago as 1881, that he would read a chapter of the Bible daily, and that he has ever since adhered to this promise."

Here is an obvious Royal snub to certain of the more frivolous members of the Royal *entourage*; and we fancy we are not far wrong in associating Queen Mary with the initiation of this.

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Dirt Eaters.

The crankiest of English cranks—and we have our fair whack of them—are not so cranky as a new lot of German cranks in Hanover, who have dubbed themselves Terraphages—which sounds much better than dirt eaters. But the vow to which they have pledged themselves is to eat earth, and nothing but earth. It is a relief to notice that they don't propose to eat the whole earth.

They are issuing pamphlets, in English and French, as well as in their native German, in support of their views and practices. Verily, of the creation of maniacs there is no end, and maniacs we have always with us.

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"Mentally one might call the modern woman a second edition of man—an edition de luxe." H. de Vere Stacpoole. We are glad she is something in addition-to-looks.

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Voice from British Columbia.

Intending settlers in British Columbia should note an article in the "British Columbia Magazine," which sounds a warning that British Columbia has no welcome and no room for immigrants who are unwilling to fight in defence of the country of their adoption and of the Motherland.

"However desirable a class of immigrants may be," declares the writer of the article, "from the view of industry, sobriety, cleanliness, morality, and many other excellent qualities, if they are non-resistants, non-combatants, or shirkers of military or naval service, they are not the material British Columbia can afford to have within her borders as citizens."

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Special Act Needed.

No wonder that fortune-tellers flourish, with other superstition-mongers, if public credulity is to be gauged by the persistence of the belief that 13 and ill-luck are associated in the relationship of cause and effect. The resident of 13, Stanhope Place, Paddington, has put himself to the trouble of obtaining the consent of the London County Council to the pretence that "there ain't not so sich a number as 13" in all that respectable thoroughfare—henceforth and for ever No. 13 there is to masquerade as No. 14.

What about the last two numerals of the new year? Up, Parliament, and be doing! There is not a moment to be lost. Let a special Act be passed to compel us to pretend that our Happy New Year is 1914.

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The Crozier Brutes.

In sentencing the pair of Crozier brutes it would have been impossible to err on the side of severity. The male brute got off with five years, the female brute has twelve.

These terms are not a day too long. Had the prisoners been tried for murder instead of manslaughter, and condemned and doomed accordingly, *Modern Man* would not have had one word of protest to utter. As it is, we are glad that the inhuman couple were tried by a Judge who realised that their offence was rank and smelt to heaven.

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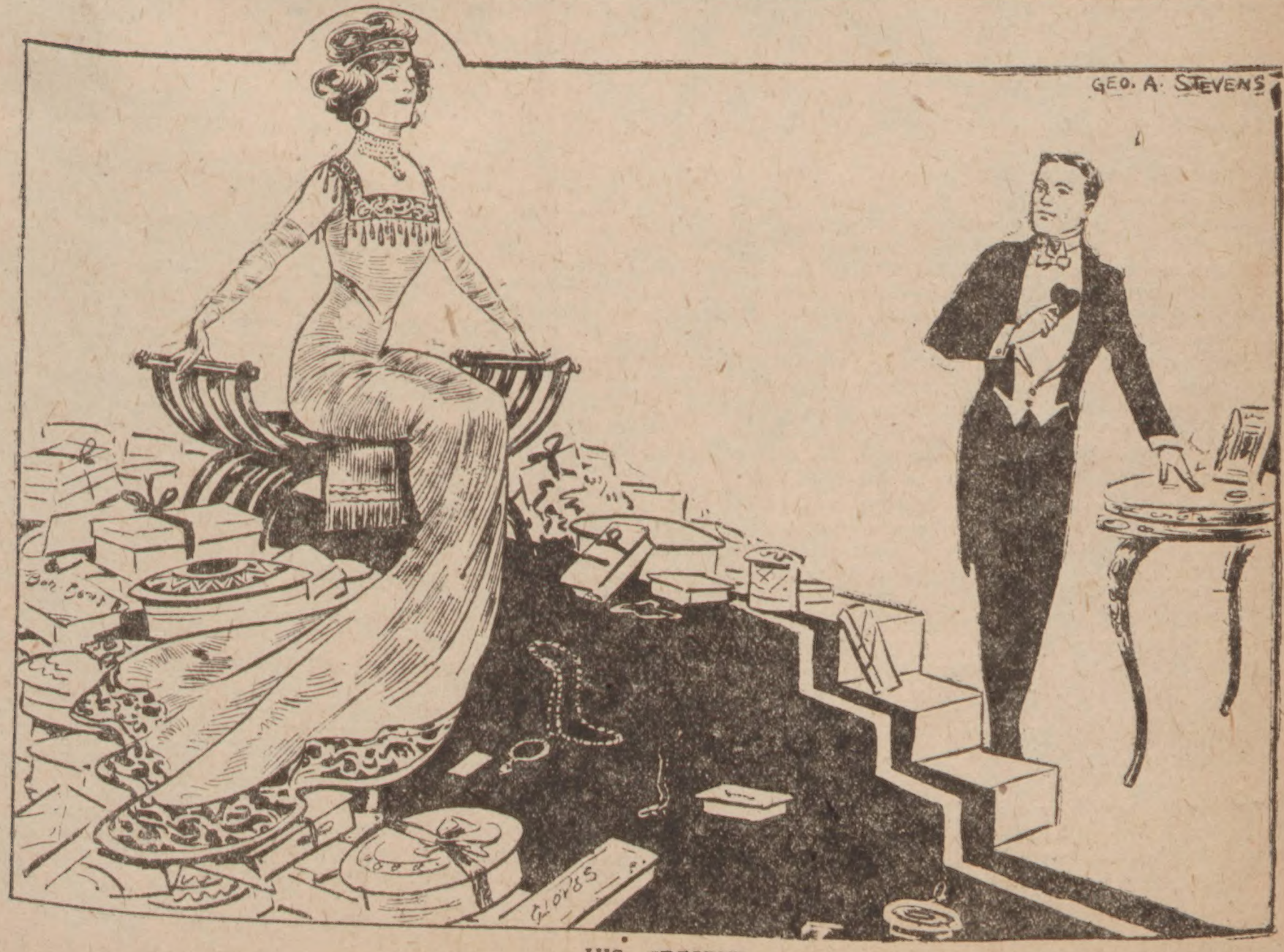
Racial Mixture in America.

Minnesota is making a second attempt to secure the prohibition, by legislative enactment, of the marriage of black with white in that State. Four years ago a bill with the same object proceeded as far as the committee stage, at which it was thrown out.

The marriage of Johnson—the black pugilist—to another white woman (his white first wife having died some little time ago), has aroused such widespread and deep disgust throughout the United States, where the coloured race problem in all its phases is both acute and chronic, that this time the re-proposed measure may be floated into law on the high tide of national indignation.

Whether this be so or not, the mere fact that the attempt is made, is significant and suggestive.



HIS PRESENT.

SEND TO-DAY FOR FREE "NICE PLACE" POSTCARDS.

ALARMING DANGER OF CINEMA SHOWS.

THE PRESSING PROBLEM OF IMPAIRED EYESIGHT.

There's a very old but very true saying that the human race in the pursuit of pleasure is entirely regardless of the dangers attendant on that pleasure. That saying was never more powerfully borne out than it is at the present moment. *Modern Man* regards it as its duty to lay prominently before the mind of the British public—with especial regard to the mothers and fathers among it—a danger which is gaining in virulent strength day after day.

Some Significant Facts.

The eyesight of the nation, and of the millions of yet unborn Britons, is seriously menaced by a form of recreation which is all the more potent in its harmfulness by reason of its undoubted and rapidly increasing popularity.

We are referring to the cinema shows—electric theatres—pictures palaces—call them what you will, which abound all over the British Isles.

As the foundation-stone of our warning, we may fitly preface this article with the following cogently significant facts:

Out of the six million children of both sexes on the books of the Public Elementary Schools in the United Kingdom, no less than *ten per cent.* suffer from serious defects in vision. This means that at the present time 600,000 children are affected with defective eyesight.

Now, what is the real underlying cause for this increase—it is a significantly marked one—in the deterioration of British children's eyesight? *Modern Man* has its scalpel at the root of the trouble. It lies in the increasing attendance on the part of young children at cinematograph entertainments.

At a rough estimate there are about 5,000 cinematograph picture theatres in the United Kingdom, and the number of people who visit these theatres during the course of a week is estimated at ten millions. In London and the suburbs of the capital alone, there are 450 or 50 of such shows; and the weekly attendance works out at about three-and-a-half millions!

An Enormous Attraction.

In view of the fact that the entire population of the United Kingdom is about 45½ millions, the enormous percentage of that population which is devoted to the cinema habit is abundantly evident.

There is hardly any necessity to point out the rapidity with which the number of picture theatres has grown in this country quite recently; but the following brief point may be noted. As against some 3,000 picture shows in the British Isles in 1909-10, there are now 2,000 more! And new theatres are opening and prospering day after day.

The attraction of these entertainments to our children is enormous. The steady decline in the profits of the cheap confectionery trade is a mutely eloquent demonstration of it. The humbler sweetstuff-shopkeepers realise that whereas a year or two ago children spent their pocket-money on sweets, they now devote it to the "penny pictures."

At night-time, too, and on their weekly half holidays, indulgent parents will take them to the cinema. The child who does not pay repeated visits—either accompanied or alone—to these places, is an extreme rarity in Great Britain.

The Flickering Film.

Here we may serviceably point out a simple but eminently forcible natural fact. It is in early youth that the bodily faculties are most highly subject to any form of strain; and any such strain incurred at that stage of growth and development invariably leaves an effect of greater or less intensity on the faculties of the full-grown man or woman.

Then it is that the "flickering" of the cinematographic film, moving across the screen, while highly injurious to the eyesight of adults, is infinitely more harmful—nay, we say outright, that it is ruinous—to the vision of young children.

Any athletic trainer, or doctor, will tell you that athletic exercise, indulged in to excess in early years of youth, when neither limbs, heart, nor lungs, are sufficiently formed or strong enough to bear it, will produce a strain to one or more of the members mentioned, but generally the heart, which will result in lasting injury. The same maxim applies, even more strongly, to the eyesight of children.

Youngsters who go to cinema shows enjoy themselves very much, but they are unable to realise the danger involved by that enjoyment. Just as a boy of ten, after running in a paper-chase, puts down to "windedness" the laboured thumping of his heart and the panting respiration, which is really the result of cardiac strain, so does the youngster who has had his eyes perilously strained by protracted gazing at flickering films, ascribe his wearied vision and aching head to "feeling tired and ready for bed." His parents are misled, too.

A Query to Parents.

Let us ask mothers and fathers whether they have not made to themselves over and over again such remarks as: "How those flickering pictures do tire my eyes to be sure!" And whether they have not heard such remarks made by scores—nay, hundreds—of other people? Why, then, can they not realise how the "flicker" must tire the eyes of their young ones, who are still in the weakness of infancy?

Let us hope that they do not credit childhood with a stronger vision than adult manhood or womanhood. There could be no graver error. The eyes of children are undoubtedly keen, but they are weak. They are entirely unsuited to protracted strain—because they are unfit for it.

Infantile vision is unfit for cinema pictures; and children of tender years should not be admitted to them.

In this respect, England is once again behind Germany. Our Teutonic cousins were not slow in apprehending the eyesight dangers constituted for the young by the bioscope. Therefore they have instituted an age limit. In Germany, children under nine years of age are not allowed into cinematograph shows.

Supporting an Age Limit.

We are entirely in sympathy with this system—and consider it imperative that an age limit should be enforced in this country. Moreover, we contend that England should improve on Germany's example, by increasing the age-limit.

We make this claim in view of the fact that more injury is done by the "flickergraph" to the poorer classes—who are, of course, in an enormous majority—of the population, than to the more well-to-do.

This is because the management of cinema shows, realising that the strain of the "flicker" of the film is far more accentuated when the pictures are viewed from a short distance, place a high price on the rear seats, and sell the front seats at the cheapest figures. In other words, this amounts to a premium set on injured eyesight at popular prices.

There is no getting away from the fact that the eyesight of the present race and of the future race, as represented by the child element, is being jeopardised—there is no milder word for it—by the bioscope theatre craze of the present time, and it is urgently necessary that some kind of reform be introduced into it so as to render it innocuous to the eyesight of the nation.

What Proprietors Should Do.

Giving managers of such enterprises the credit of being patriots, we put it to them that it is in their power to avert or, at any rate, to diminish to a very great extent the cinema-danger.

Let them do away with seats close to the screen, selling no seats at a lesser distance from it than, say, ten yards. This might involve a certain financial loss to cinema proprietors, but it would undoubtedly minimise the danger to the nation's sight.

It may be urged that some cinema halls are not of sufficient length to admit of this. Then, we say emphatically, these should be abolished by law.

Having opened up this important subject, next week expert medical opinion will be given.

(To be continued.)

IPSWICH READER WINS "FIRSTS AND LASTS" FIRST PRIZE.

OTHER PEOPLE'S INDISCRETIONS

Who is the individual—giving himself the title of "Major," to which he has no right whatever—who is now making money out of the almost obsolete business of "horse-coping"? He buys up unsound hunters very cheap, and sells them at fancy prices to unwary men who are just starting as devotees of fox-hunting.

* * *

We wonder whether a nobleman of very pronounced views against gambling would be gratified to know of his wife's repeated visits at night to a house in Cromwell Road, S.W. And also whether it would afford him any pleasure to look at the autograph on the large cheque she lately received by post, to pay her bridge debts with?

* * *

We do not need the information, but we wonder if any reader of these lines is aware of the identity of the *débutante* of last season who is so frenziedly anxious to recover a valuable jewelled hair-comb "lost in a taxi, between the Empire music-hall and the Restaurant ——" (we do not intend to name it; but it is in Jermyn Street). And why is the comb, if found, to be returned, not to the advertiser's address, but to a newspaper-shop not a thousand miles from the Haymarket, where letters and parcels are received at a cost of a penny?

* * *

Who is the West End pantomime chorus-man who has just been "sacked" for entering the principal girl's dressing-room in her absence, and purloining one of her shoes? And what did he want the shoe for, anyway?

* * *

We warn a well-known amateur boxer, not a million miles from Hammersmith, that unless he ceases his present practice of giving lessons in the fistic art for money—we shall have to give publicity to this glaring infringement of the rules of the A.B.A.

* * *

Why is it that in the case of a very famous newspaper and periodical publishing firm, the employees are forbidden to write private letters on the firm's notepaper, without the permission of the head of their department? If there is any truth in the rumoured reason for this, it hardly does credit to the character of certain of the people employed by the company in question.

* * *

Why is it that a prominent society husband—not unconnected with the City—so strongly objects to his wife going up in aeroplanes for passenger flights?

Is it because the identity of her pilot is invariably the same?

* * *

What was a clergyman, with a long grey beard, doing in the half-crown promenade, at a big West End music-hall last Tuesday night?

* * *

It is hardly likely that a member of a well-known Bohemian club, not far from Shaftesbury Avenue, who was wont to descant at great length, in the smoke-room, on his equestrian performances, will ever be persuaded again to spend the week-end with a famous trainer residing in Leicestershire. And why is it that the former has written his tailor countermanding a recent order for riding-breeches, and ordered Norfolk knickerbockers instead?

* * *

What is the fee charged at a privately-conducted Turkish bath in the Baker Street district, where the gentle pleasures of bathing *à la Turque* can be enjoyed promiscuously by both sexes?

* * *

Was it not rather tactless of one of our minor writers, who makes about £500 per annum by "ghosting" for a very celebrated author, to divulge this fact in a literary club, a night or two ago? We wonder what the erudite employer will think about it when he is told of the occurrence.

* * *

We wonder if any reader knows enough to tell us (although we know it already) the name of a well-known young actor, who has lately had a very severe "split" with his wife, who chanced one afternoon to see him coming out of a notorious block of flats in the Charing Cross Road, wherein he had been taking tea with an ex-barmaid.

May we be permitted to inform the distinguished Bulgarian who was dining at a smart hotel in Piccadilly last week, that a handkerchief is commonly used in cases of persistent catarrh—and not a napkin.

* * *

Wonder what several servants of a well-known Knight think of their master for a clever trick he played upon them the other night. Having occasion to suspect that his champagne was cheering others than those he intended it to cheer, he approached the butler on the subject, but was most politely assured "Quite impossible, sir."

The Knight, however, was not satisfied, and by means of a certain liquid preparation, rubbed on the bottles, he trapped the culprits. They sustained a facial disfigurement, but, of course, the Knight was careful it should not be a permanent one.

* * *

Two Singles to Brighton.

* * *

What special work is done by the manager of an estate of residential flats, boasting tennis courts, etc., in a western suburb, that his salary should be so large as £800 per annum? And how did he pacify a certain lady, some time ago, when his sportive son shot with an air-gun the horse which the lady in question was riding round and round the gardens of the flats?

* * *

Who was the highly-rouged, eye-blacked, and powdered male individual who might have been seen last Monday night purposefully patrolling the following itinerary:—Cranbourn Street to Wardour Street, Wardour Street to Cambridge Circus, and from Cambridge Circus back to Cranbourn Street, over and over again, from 9 p.m. to 12.30? And how long will it be before he is arrested?

* * *

Why is it so noticeable that a certain noble colonel, retired, and living in Kensington, lavishes so much affection on his eldest boy and treats his younger sons with seeming dislike?

* * *

How much longer are two notorious establishments, devoted to drinking and other pastimes, close to Leicester Square—one where you go downstairs and another where you go upstairs—to be tolerated by an over-indulgent police force?

SEND AS MANY FOOTBALL COUPONS AS YOU LIKE.

THE DESIRED EXPRESSION.

By E. Wade-Lang.

I ran across Harriet in a railway carriage one day—how long ago doesn't matter. It will be enough to say that she was slim and dainty then. She had a package on her lap which she seemed to be unduly conscious of. I gathered, from certain indications, that she would not be offended if I made some inquiries about it.

Accordingly I asked "What have you got in there?"

"Proofs," she said, sweetly.

"Proofs?" I asked. "What of?"

"My beauty," she said.

"What waste!" I replied—I trust not badly.

"Don't be an idiot, Tubby," she said—she was often irrelevant like that. "I have been having my photo taken."

"Dear me," I replied, "this is interesting. May I have the pleasure of seeing them?"

"You may, Tubby," she said, "if you are very, very good." She opened the parcel and doled out the finished photographs one by one. I took an expert's leisure over the inspection—remembering that deliberation is born of indifference.

"You're disappointed," said Harriet, suddenly; and I admitted I was. "Then they're not a bit like me," she said, and held out her hand for their return.

"Wait a minute," I protested; they were not so bad when I looked at them again. "Which am I going to have?"

"Whichever you like, Tubby," she said, "if you really and truly want one."

I instantly became suspicious of this ready acquiescence. On former occasions when she had presented me with a photograph of herself she had forced me solemnly to swear that I would never show the gift to anyone else, the assumption being that so precious a possession would only be profaned by exhibition to the vulgar multitude. I subsequently learned that she imposed a similar ritual on a number of other fellows. On the principle that it is seldom discreet to act on a woman's literal word, I handed them all back.

"No," I said firmly, "they don't do you justice."

"I was afraid they didn't," she said, and accepted them submissively and slipped them into the parcel again. An interval went by. I could feel the sands of my resolution shifting.

"I expect everybody else will be disappointed as well," she grumbled.

"Oh, don't say that," I responded encouragingly.

Another silence. She searched in the package again and brought out another photograph.

She bent down her head and examined it critically. Presently she passed it to me. Her eyes asked a question.

I looked at the picture closely. I looked at it again. Then I looked at her. At least she had the grace to blush.

"I thought," she explained rather self-consciously, "that I would have one taken just as I thought I'd like it."

"Um," I said, and was conscious in that moment of a most peculiar feeling of emptiness. "Tell me," I said, "were you thinking of me when this was taken?"

"I don't remember that I was thinking of anybody specially just then, Tubby," she replied, meekly.

"Oh yes, you were." I said. I can be horribly nasty when I like. "You were thinking of Jack Palmer, and it's no good denying it."

"I wasn't!" she declared, unnecessarily emphatic. Then "Why should I?" she asked.

"Because," I said, "an expression like this is only worn by a girl for one man on earth."

She snatched back the photograph hurriedly. I forgot myself for a moment, and condemned Jack Palmer. She put out her hand and stopped me.

"Don't," she said. "He needs me, you know."

"So do I," I said valiantly.

"I don't think you do, Tubby," she said. "The difference is you can do without me. . ."

Undoubtedly in those days there was a good deal of distinction about Harriet.

The trial in a recent Chancery action is said to have cost about £7 per minute. The speeches occupied 13 days and fill 800 pages of print. And yet we say that silence is golden.

ILL-FOUNDED CHARGE.

"Modern Man" Reader and the "Stupid" Public Schoolboy.

Writing to *Modern Man* on a question which has aroused a good deal of interest lately, an old reader, recently returned to England after an absence of some months abroad, says:—

I have seen that the ex-public schoolboy is widely credited with stupidity. The charge is ill-founded. Of course, many public schoolboys never do anything startling in life, simply because they are born to riches. Others fails, as other men fail.

Then in some cases the public schoolboy may succeed because he has birth, influence and money behind him. Various eminent politicians and prelates, for instance, are ex-public schoolboys, but perhaps they would not have got so far had they been humbly born.

Let us take some professions or callings where birth, influence and money count practically for nothing, but brains before everything, and see how the public schoolboy shows up.

These are art, authorship, the Bar, journalism, and the stage.

To make the test more severe we will confine ourselves to the great public schools, the recognised schools for the sons of the well-to-do.

Mr. F. E. Smith, K.C., M.P., for example, was educated at Birkenhead School.

Now for brainy public school boys among:

ARTISTS: Sir E. J. Poynter, President of the Royal Academy (Westminster); Mr. H. H. La Thangue, A.R.A. (Dulwich); the Hon. John Collier, the famous painter of "problem" pictures (Eton); Mr. Stanhope Forbes, R.A. (Dulwich); Mr. R. T. Blamfield, A.R.A., the distinguished architect (Haileybury); Sir E. T. Reed (Harrow); Mr. Leslie Ward ("Spy"), the famous cartoonist (Eton).

Among authors, including dramatists, we have: Mr. Rudyard Kipling (Westward Ho!), Mr. Anthony Hope (Marlborough), Mr. E. F. Benson (Marlborough), to say nothing of his brothers, A. C. and R. H.; Mr. R. S. Hichens (Clifton), Mr. John Galsworthy (Harrow), Mr. A. E. W. Mason (Dulwich), Captain Basil Hood (Wellington), Mr. H. A. Vachell (Harrow), and that perfervid admirer of whiskers—beg pardon, "face fins"—Mr. Frank Richardson (Marlborough).

It is true that the usual road to the Bar is *via* the public school, great or little, and Oxford or Cambridge; but still, the Bar is open to all, and success implies exceptional ability and any amount of grit. Among ex-public schoolboys are:

Barristers (including judges): The Lord Chief Justice, Lord Alverstone (Charterhouse); Mr. Justice Bucknill (Westminster); Lord Justice Farwell (Rugby), and Mr. Justice Lush (Westminster).

The Solicitor-General, Sir John Simon, was educated at Fettes College, a great Scottish public school. Mr. Marshall Hall, K.C., was mathematical prizeman at Rugby. Sir Charles Mathews, the Public Prosecutor, is an old Etonian. This list could be greatly lengthened.

JOURNALISM is proud of Lord Milner, who was a professional journalist long before he was a statesman, and is an old Etonian; Sir Douglas Straight, ex-editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette* (Harrow); Mr. G. E. Buckle (Winchester) editor of *The Times*; Mr. Owen Seaman (Shrewsbury), editor of *Punch*; and Mr. H. Hamilton Fyfe, the well-known *Daily Mail* special correspondent, who, like Mr. Marshall Hall, was educated at Fettes College.

THE STAGE supplies such ex-public schoolboys as Mr. Arthur Bourchier (Eton), Mr. Cyril Maude (Charterhouse), Mr. H. B. Irving (Marlborough); Mr. Forbes-Robertson (Charterhouse), and Mr. Gerald du Maurier (Harrow).

Scores and scores of living ex-public schoolboys could be mentioned who are distinguished in politics, diplomacy, the Civil Service and other directions. But without reflecting on their natural capacity they are open to the suspicion of having been helped by the accident of birth or connections.

The endeavour has been to keep to walks of life where genius or talent alone counts, and in these the ex-public schoolboy quite holds his own.

If people were credited with their good intentions the recording angel would need a few more assistants.

THERE IS FUN AND PROFIT IN "FIRSTS AND LASTS."

FIRSTS AND LASTS

GRAND MONEY-MAKING AND FASCINATING WINTER EVENING PASTIME.

"FIRSTS AND LASTS" is our latest Grand Competition for the amusement and substantial profit of our thousands of Readers. Whatever amount is received, be it

£200

or more the whole will be distributed among the competitors sending in what are adjudicated by a competent staff to be the best "Firsts and Lasts." Here Readers have the opportunity of providing themselves with magnificent prizes. So begin now and go on building; the bigger the better.

How to make Firsts and Lasts.

Here is an example of what is meant by "Firsts and Lasts." If you examine the two words Trick Cyclists, you will find the first and last letters are "T" and "S," so that your "Firsts and Lasts" might be Turn Somersaults.

"Firsts and Lasts" must be written on coupons taken from this page, and each coupon must be accompanied by a Postal Order for Sixpence.

These should be made payable to "Modern Man" and crossed "and Co." Do not send cheques.

You may send in two "Firsts and Lasts" on each coupon for Sixpence.

If any question arises as to the awards, or any other matter relating to the competition, the same must be decided by the Editor, whose decision is final, and readers are only allowed to enter on this understanding.

Competitors may send in as many "Firsts and Lasts" as they like, but every double attempt must be written in ink on the coupons provided and accompanied by a Postal Order for Sixpence.

In sending more than one coupon a Postal Order for the amount covering the number dispatched will do.

Postal Orders only should be sent.

This week "Firsts and Lasts" may be constructed from the following examples:—

ENGLISH HOMES.	AFTERNOON PARTIES
HEARTY GREETINGS	FREAK DANCES
CINEMA CRAZE	PERFECT FIGURES
UNFAIR SEX	GOOD RESOLUTIONS
CRUEL STEPMOTHERS	DRAMATIC CONFESSIONS
CANNING HORRORS	PANTOMIME FAVOURITES.

"Firsts and Lasts" Coupon No. 8.

CLOSES JANUARY 7th.

WORDS SELECTED.	"FIRSTS AND LASTS."
Name	Name and Address of Newsagent.
Address	
No. Postal Order	

If you use one coupon send Sixpence, if you use both of these coupons send One Shilling.

WORDS SELECTED.	"FIRSTS AND LASTS."
Name	Name and Address of Newsagent.
Address	
No. Postal Order	

Send in by Tuesday, January 7th. But don't wait till the Closing Day. Whenever received, every Coupon will be judged solely on its merits, but Competitors are requested to send their attempts as early as possible to facilitate the work of adjudicating. Please mark envelopes "Firsts and Lasts," "Modern Man" Offices, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C., and write "Competition" No. 8 in the top left-hand corner of the envelopes.

SPECIAL PRIZES FOR NEWSAGENTS.—In order to encourage newsagents, booksellers, etc., who sell MODERN MAN to take an interest in our "Firsts and Lasts" Competition, we invite readers to fill in space allowed the name and address of the Newsagent or other person from whom he or she purchased MODERN MAN so that special prizes may be awarded.

LONDON READERS DIVIDE FOOTBALL PRIZE.

No. 8 FOOTBALL COMPETITION.

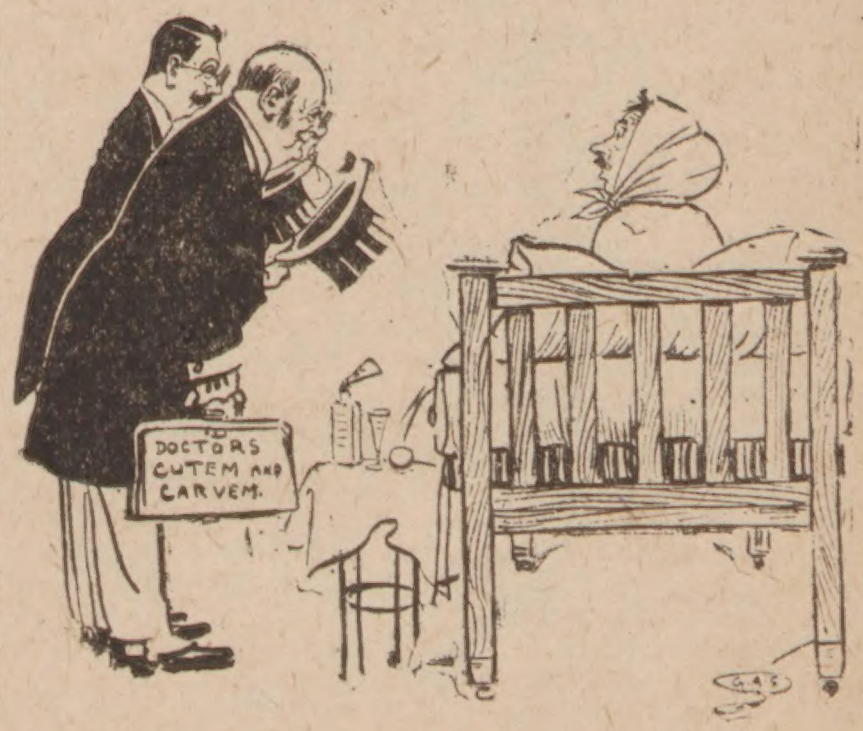
In the No. 8 Football Competition three London Readers succeeded in forecasting fourteen correct results out of the sixteen matches given, and therefore take the prize of £25, so that each will receive £8 6s. 8d.

The fortunate persons are:—

S. TINKLER,
11, GROOMS HILL, LONDON, S.E.

MR. JOHNSON,
21, CHURCH STREET, WOOLWICH.

A. E. HIRON,
58, MORAT STREET, BRIXTON.



Our Dancing Note: "The Lancers."

* * *

One long round of complaint: Insurance stamps, now sold in rolls.

THE FOOTBALL COMPETITION IS QUITE FREE.

THE CAREER OF DUNLOP KANE:

No. XXIV.—THE GULF.

By ADAM STERN,
Author of the popular Selby Series which appeared in "Modern Man."

A small crackle sounded, and one of the electric bulbs in the "ribbons and haberdashery" in Prosing's Emporium, High Holborn, went out! Miss Winnie Willoughby, perched up high in her box-like cash-desk—a winsome little flapper with pretty dark hair and pretty bright eyes—was nibbling the end of her pencil and speculating dreamily on the euphony of the word Basil. She heard the crackle and absent-mindedly watched the odd effect.

A little yellow fairy seemed to catch up a piece of lace from the brass rail near the ceiling, on which it was dangling, and to transform it into nothingness. She re-appeared farther on with a tribe of little yellow fairies following her. They ran along the brass rail, and one of them leaped across and landed on a bigger rail, from which streamed a plenitude of ribbons. All this took place within six feet of Miss Willoughby's snub nose.

She wondered at the introduction of blue—puffs of blue which hung heavy for a moment and then drifted and wreathed and turned into fantastic shapes. A number of customers were shopping in the department around her, but the place was by no means full, and some of the female sellers were idle behind their counters. Miss Willoughby ceased nibbling her pencil, and now her dainty dark eyebrows went up and her coral-like underlip went down. Her eyes were dilated, showing the whites all round. She suddenly rose flusteringly to her feet, and in the agitation of her hurry knocked down her book of cash entries. She sent out a darting finger.

"Look!" she screamed. "Fire!"

A score of hearts stopped, and glances were turned startled in her direction. Someone repeated the dread word, and in a moment there was confusion. Through the various exits from the world-famous building there surged forth humanity into the greater humanity of Holborn.

Dunlop Kane, seated in his office, felt the vague subdued stirrings of commotion. He went out into the corridor, and encountered Mr. Prosing coming along hurriedly to find him. For a moment he had to listen to incoherencies, then he gripped his employer and took him back into the office and sat him down in a seat.

"All right," he said. "You talk, while I ring up the various floors and get its precise locality." He rang and rang, but no one replied. Clearly the telephone girls had scampered.

"The fire doors?" gasped Mr. Prosing.

"Impossible to close those till we know that everyone is out." There was a system at Prosings for isolating the several parts of the building in case of emergency, something after the manner of the bulkheads of a liner. "I must go up myself," said Kane, and passed out of the office with such speed that Mr. Prosing was forced to trot with his abbreviated legs to follow him.

The ground floor of the shop was seething with excitement. People were still struggling to get out into the street. Ignoring them all—for it was the absent who whipped up anxiety—Kane pushed his way through, and arrived at the private American elevator in the corner. Jeppa, one of the smartest lads in the place, was on duty.

"It's on the third floor," he said. "Pretty bad, I think."

"Anybody doing anything?"

"Nothing, sir. They've all lost their heads."

"All right. Stand aside."

"I'll take you up, sir. I've already been up once or twice."

"You have, eh? Kane slightly smiled. "All right," he said again. "Up we go. Third floor first." Mr. Prosing had been lost in the press. "What's the good of fire-drill?" added Kane, in the interim,—a remark which brought a nod and a raised eyebrow from Jeppa.

"All cleared out, sir, I think," replied the lad, as he swung back the door.

"I hope so," said Kane. He stepped out into blinding smoke. A roaring and a crackling made sinister sounds in the ear. "Stop here," said Kane. He was invisible no more than a minute. He came back with head down and eye streaming. "Next floor," he coughed, and Jeppa slammed the door.

"Bit warm, sir," he commented. His eyes were bright, his air quite cool. He had moulded himself on the man beside him. "Better look slippy," he recommended, as they halted again. "I've had a look round and there's nobody here. It's going right through the roof."

Three minutes later they were on the ground floor again. With the charge of a Rugby footballer, Kane ploughed through the crowd and was in his office, pressing a number of switches. The fire-proof doors closed inviolably round the centre of the conflagration.

From outside came the fierce penetrating clang of fire-bells, the sounds of a multitude, the steady persistent hiss of water shot aloft. Could Kane have seen it, flames were now visible, bursting through the smoke, tongues licking the sky. He had other things to occupy him, however, for in the other parts of the building—those isolated from the fire—he had yet to see that people had escaped. Descending ten minutes afterwards he was in consultation with an inspector, when a white-faced Jeppa confronted him.

"Sir—Miss Willoughby—she went back to the third floor, they say. To fetch a photograph. She hasn't come down. The doors have shut her in!"

"We must open them!" said Kane; then he pulled up short as if jarred from head to foot. "They're warped already. They'd never move an inch in their grooves! And we *daren't* open them, Jeppa." He caught the lad by the arm and hurried him away. "The lifts?" he said.

"They're burnt down, sir."

"The private elevator?"

"It's working still, sir, but there's hell up above."

"It will be easiest on the third floor."

Jeppa would have followed him in, but he was thrust out by a strong arm. "One's enough," said Kane.

"Let me go," shouted Jeppa desperately. "The rope might break! Damn it, Mr. Kane ——"

"Orders," said Kane sternly.

The woodwork of the lift was smouldering. It went up grinding, with jerkings which produced small flame. He had taken the precaution to wind a wet scarf round his head. As he stepped out he found the air comparatively clear. The inferno was above. A mighty draft was surging round the place. No Miss Willoughby was to be seen. But an open door, which led to a balcony and to iron steps which led to the roof, gave hint of the way she had gone.

The cool touch of evening and the near blast of heat were oddly intermingled as he climbed the steps rapidly. Voices were roaring below him. He came to the girl huddled up in a corner of the roof, shrieking and beating her hands on the parapet. He took her by the wrist, and then, as she would not come, he caught her up under his arm.

Eight feet away from them, separated by a gulf, was the roof of the adjacent building. The crowd in the street below saw the figure with its burden mount the parapet and in the illumination of the flames run lightly along to the corner and leap. . . There was a salvo of cheering.

(Another complete story next week.)

SEND NOW FOR ONE OF OUR SAFETY RAZORS.

SOME PROPHECIES.

"Modern Man" Reader and New Year.

A correspondent has ventured to prophesy as follows for the new year:—

As usual January will be the first month of the year. Many good resolutions will be broken by the second of the month, and cause no astonishment to anybody. The Prophet predicts an enormous increase in the number of invalids, commencing on the 15th. A speech, delivered by a famous Chancellor of the Exchequer, will cause grave anxiety by the calmness of its tone. During the intervals of rain, the weather will be fine. The temperature will never rise above 90 degrees in the shade.

For the second month of the year, February will be remarkably short. About this time, a new health food will make its appearance without the aid of advertisement. A panic will ensue. A new star will appear in Birmingham. As a result, rag-time artistes will be banned.

Something New in the Halls.

For the tenth time in 1913, a rumour will spread that Germany has designs on England. About the 25th of March an unusual number of moonlight flitters will flit. This remarkable phenomenon will be observed at regular intervals throughout the year.

Parliament will conduct its business as usual on the first of April. Not more than thirty new picture-palaces will be opened during this month. A celebrated music-hall artiste will sing an entirely new song.

In May a fresh attempt will be made to introduce a Day-light Saving Bill. There will be the familiar story told about the gathering of nuts in this month. The President of the Local Government Board will alarm the country by making a speech about something.

Conversation about the summer holidays will begin about the 14th of June. The sea-serpent will not be discovered until the third week in July. A notorious Suffragette will be rewarded for having kept the peace for ten whole days. Complaints will begin to be heard about the weather.

During August the L.G.O.C. will run a new line of motor 'buses from the Bank to Charing Cross. The Prophet has very strong reasons for stating that this month will consist of not less than thirty-one whole days.

An additional hundred square inches of the Aldwych site will be sold during the month of September. A daily newspaper will discover that Tariff Reform means something quite original. Much interest will be aroused by the publication of a new book by Mr. Arnold Bennett. No new excuse for a railway strike will be discovered during this month.

Offer to Famous Labour Leader.

The first of the Christmas numbers of popular periodicals will be issued early in October. The last summer annual will appear a few days later. A famous Labour leader will be offered a seat in the new House of Lords—when it arrives. Great surprises will be caused by the inaccuracy of this prophecy. There will be no snow during the month.

On the fifth of November, a certain gentleman well-known in English history, will be widely fêted. Mr. Algernon Ashton will, or may, write a last letter to the *Times*.

Unless Parliament intervenes, December will have to be the last month of the year. The year 1913, like all its predecessors, will be a record year in everything. By December 31st something may be heard of the Dublin Crown Jewels. The agitation will be Ginnell over again in 1914.

When a doctor tells a patient he is suffering from brain fag the patient is so flattered that he will pay any old bill.

* * *

Smith: I hear Jones has been very ill. Is he out of danger yet?

Brown: Well, he's convalescent, but he won't be out of danger until the pretty nurse who has been taking care of him has gone away.

* * *

Eight women dressed in men's attire tarred and feathered an eighteen-year-old girl on a lonely road near Newark, Ohio, in order to cure her of flirting.

* * *

Sister Susie: Did yer get any marks at school to-day, Jim?

Jim: Yes, but they're where they don't show.

WHY SO MUCH IMMORALITY

Spirited Reply to a Recent Article.

In a recent issue of *Modern Man*, writes a lady correspondent, you published an article, "Why so much Immorality?" and in it the writer spoke with extreme bitterness of "female cranks" and the craze for an "independent life," and gave "the intrusion of women into industrial spheres" as a reason for immorality.

Has it never struck your contributor that the woman who leads an "independent life" may eschew marriage for other reasons than that she may "think dirty thoughts" or "write dirty books."

Let him (for it is obviously a man) pause and think before making such utterly ridiculous statements.

All women are at heart idealists. As girls, they are led to believe in the honour, loyalty, and chivalry which man is supposed to possess. The woman who leads a sheltered life seldom has her illusions dispelled till after marriage, but the independent woman, the woman who is her own breadwinner, is quick to realise that man is not the loyal, chivalrous, noble being she has been taught to believe him, and once having realised this, can anyone blame her if she is not over-anxious to link her life with his.

And to come to another point—that the entry of woman into industrial spheres reduces the marriage rate. May I remind your contributor that the average man nowadays requires a self-supporting wife, and as a proof of this I will give you an instance which came under my particular notice.

A young man recently sought out a friend of mine and confided to her that he wanted to "settle down."

"The woman I marry," he said, "must be able to earn her own living, because I believe in the economic independence of woman. She must also have some furniture, as I want a home of my own and I can't afford to buy any."

Seemed Quite Hurt.

And yet this young man seemed quite injured when my friend pointed out that she was not at all sure he would get what he required very easily.

Also, your contributor urges that the reduction in man's wages through the competition of woman in the labour market is the indirect cause of immorality.

Now every man of the world will acknowledge that "immorality" is far more expensive than marriage.

One can readily understand the attitude which man as a community adopts towards the woman who prefers a single life, for though woman can build for herself a home and live happily and comfortably in it, it is quite obvious that man cannot live without woman. He must have someone to cook and sew for him, darn his socks, and sew on his buttons, and when one remembers that a wife is much cheaper than a housekeeper, one can sympathise with him in his rebellion when he finds that woman is not as eager as he thinks she should be to accept the position of an unpaid drudge.

TOWN AND COUNTRY CONTRAST.

The day I set foot in the town I gained many things, but I lost Time, and it has become quite plain that so long as I remain in the city I shall never find Time. He is ever some distance in front, and, though I keep on trying, I know well that in the end he will still be ahead, and when my race is run, as I sink down on the track for the last time, with one hand stretched across the tape, I shall catch sight of Time still a little ahead, grinning horribly over his victory, and with a sarcastic twist of his forefinger round his prying, pushing nose.

Where then, if anywhere, is Time to be found? Time, I mean, in easy, dignified mood, waiting for a fellow now and again, and giving him a chance to look round and breathe, and eat and drink.

There is only one place, and that is as far as possible from sight and sound of a town. Up, yes, always up, into the hills, the wavy downs, and among the black clumps of trees that crown the round summits, Time is actually sitting, his fleet feet at rest. He will give men a chance to be strong and vigorous, clean of limb, and open of mind.

IF YOU ARE NOT USING OUR SAFETY RAZOR, THEN YOU MUST.

ON THE BALL.

Football Teams and Their Prospects.

The suggestion that players should wear distinguishing numbers on the field continues to find favour, and even some of those people who at first pooh-poohed the idea are now admitting that it might, after all, be worth trying.

By no means the most interesting match this week-end will be that between Aston Villa and Manchester City, both of whom are in the running for the championship. Relatively, the City are in the better position, since they have a couple of matches in hand; but they are not likely to be so well off when the final whistle blows, as they may not be equal to holding their rivals.

Arsenal's Poor Chance.

Poor old Arsenal will get another nail in their coffin at Bolton, where they cannot hope to get even one point. Derby and Sunderland should provide a good game, which the former may win. Another equally attractve match will be that between Newcastle and Oldham. The Athletic have had a capital season up to now, and are a most difficult side to beat, but I shall expect to see the superior science of Newcastle pull them through.

It is surprising to see a team like Everton occupying such a lowly position in the League, after being the runners-up last year, but they are likely to start on the up grade soon, and their first step in this direction in the new year will probably be at the expense of Notts County, whom they visit this week.

In the Second Division, most interest will centre in the meeting between the Wolves and Birmingham. The Wanderers have done remarkably well lately, and have as good a chance of promotion as any team in the League, and if they can overcome the Birmingham Brigade, will have much cause for jubilation. They may not be equal to this, but should at least make a draw of it.

Clapton Orient and Promotion.

Barnsley should get the better of Leeds, and Burnley may still further upset the calculations of Clapton Orient, who at the moment do not look like gaining the courted promotion. Both the erstwhile First Leaguers, Preston and Bury, should get two points out of their matches with Lincoln and Blackpool respectively. In the Southern League, I expect Brighton, Millwall, Northampton, and West Ham to win. The games betwen Portsmouth and Palace, and Exeter and Merthyr Town may end in a draw.

"Men commit perjury to save eighteen pence," said Judge Rentoul recently. Yet how many lies were told about that ninepence for fourpence!

* * *

Purser Lancaster, of the Cunarder "Lusitania," who has just retired, is one of the few pursers who hold a master's certificate. Defective eyesight put an end to a promising career "on deck," but he was heartily welcomed in another branch of the service. In the course of his duties he has met a remarkable number of the most prominent people of the day, and his large collection of presents and autographed photographs shows the esteem in which he is held.

* *

Here is a story which demonstrates infantile intelligence and acumen in a somewhat startling fashion. The head mistress of one of our Council schools had returned from a fairly protracted trip.

Arrived in the schoolroom, she enlarged upon her late absence. "Well children," she said, "you see I am back again."

"Yes, miss," they replied.

"And you are glad to see me?"

"Yes, miss."

"I have been away three weeks—three weeks—twenty-one days," the teacher continued. "I wonder whether either of you children could tell me where I have been?"

The flush-faced precocious spark arose diffidently. "Yes, miss; in quod, miss!"

MY NOTE BOOK.

THE OLD AND THE NEW.

This time last week everybody was speaking of Xmas. To-day it is the New Year that the majority of us are thinking about. Before you get your next number of *Modern Man*, the "precocious infant" will be six days' old, and the chances are that before then many resolutions framed to-day and to-morrow in all honesty will have been "turned down." It is so easy to say, "I will do this or that," but it is a totally different thing to do it. This is where the exercise of will power comes in, and it certainly behoves everyone to cultivate it as much as possible.

It was never more necessary than to-day that when a man says "Yes" or "No," he should mean it and stick to it; and, further, confronted by so much competition in every sphere of business, it is of vital importance that every worker do the best he possibly can for himself.

As we on *Modern Man* have impressed upon readers on more than one occasion the genuinely happy man is the man who grasps opportunities and benefits by them.

* * *

Once you take up a thing, providing, of course, it be an honourable undertaking, stick to it for all you are worth, and of this you can feel perfectly assured, whether you are a winner or not, there is a full measure of satisfaction to be got out of the thought, "Well, I have done my best, and *will* do it."

* * *

"THE HAPPIEST MAN ON EARTH."

Only yesterday a friend called upon me who has just realised an ambition after five years arduous toil. "Many times," he said, "I was sorely tempted to throw up the whole thing, and came very near doing it, but luckily every time the would-have-been catastrophe was averted. To-day, I feel the happiest man on earth"—and he looked it.

I wished him "A very happy and prosperous New Year," and the reply was typical of the man. "It won't be my fault if it isn't. The same to you, many of them."

To my readers, one and all, I tender my heartiest wishes for the year 1913, and I trust that not one will forget the "It won't be *my* fault if the year is not happy and prosperous."

Grasp your opportunities, live up to the times. The old year must have provided you with many lessons, and here I think it only fitting that I should refer briefly to the changes effected in *Modern Man* during 1912.

As I mentioned in my greetings in the Christmas number, to be a force, one needs to move with the times, to be ever on the alert, and for the proper influence of *Modern Man* to be felt, it was decided that a number of alterations were imperative.

At first a few of my friends seriously questioned the wisdom of new departures, but since then nearly every one has been good enough to admit that to-day *Modern Man* is doing better work than ever.

* * *

CATERING FOR MY READERS.

During 1913 it will be my earnest endeavour to provide my readers with the brightest possible edition of their favourite paper. At the same time—and this is very important—*Modern Man* has a mission other than that of amusing the public. We deal with questions, serious questions, affecting the welfare of the people, and if at any time a fearless onslaught in our columns displeases or gives rise to any regret on the part of any one of my thousands of readers, I trust, at least, that it will be remembered that we *mean* it, and that we are serious and determined.

* * *

In addition to the serious articles, dealing with questions of the hour, lighter articles, and the best written serials, *Modern Man* will continue to hit off from week to week topical situations by means of sketches, and then, of course, readers will have opportunities to benefit largely under our prize schemes. I hope everyone has acted upon the advice I tendered last week, or if not, they have *decided* to do so with the New Year. Of this I shall be in a better position to speak next week. My space full, I must now conclude. Again, A Happy and Prosperous 1913 to all.

YOUR EDITOR.

THREE READERS DIVIDE OUR FOOTBALL PRIZE.

THE MODERN MAN.—No. 25: COLONEL SEELY.

To please everybody is no easy task. In fact, it is well nigh impossible. However, simply because one cannot agree with a certain action or actions of any particular person, it is rank folly to stubbornly belittle him as a man. Colonel Seely, M.P., the Secretary for war, has his opponents, but one and all must recognise him as a worthy prototype of Modern Man. He is a worker, a fighter, and was bound to succeed.

If fate had not thrown him into politics he would certainly have been heard of in other directions.

After leaving Cambridge he was called to the Bar at the Inner Temple. But life had more exciting things in store for him than a practice at the Bar. His home is in the Isle of Wight, and he has taken part in a good deal of lifeboat work.

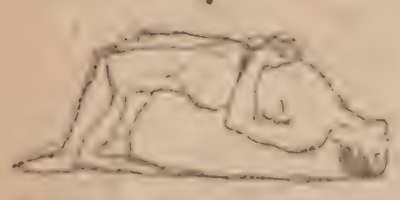
On one occasion a French ship was in distress, and on the point of foundering just outside the range of a rocket-apparatus on the coast. With a life-line round his waist, he swam out to the ship. By so doing he saved nine lives, and he holds a gold medal from the French Government for the achievement.

When Colonel Seely first entered Parliament he was Conservative representative for the Isle of Wight, and held the seat from 1900 to 1906, when he became a Liberal M.P. He was taking part in the South African War when elected for the Isle of Wight. Mrs. Seely, however, well championed his candidature, and her address to the electors, in which she naively wrote, "You will realise how anxious I am for his success on the day of the poll," proved perfectly irresistible.

£250 IS THE PREMIER PRIZE FOR FOOTBALL RESULTS.

RAPID PHYSICAL CULTURE.

By Our Expert.



EXERCISE FOR WRESTLERS.

This is an excellent exercise for the development of the muscles of the body, and, as such, is to be recommended to amateur wrestlers, rowing men, and others.

Lie at full length on the floor or on a bed. If you choose the former, it is advisable to place a pillow underneath your head.

Draw up the knees until the feet are quite close to the body. Bend the arms and clasp the hands in front of you.

Now raise the body to the position shown in the sketch, so that the head and feet bear the whole weight between them.

Pause in this position for thirty seconds, or as long as you can, and then lower the body gradually to the starting position. Do not relax the muscles all at once and simply collapse, or half the benefit of the exercise will be lost. The gradual lowering is quite as effective as the raising of the body.

As will be seen, the strain is largely upon the abdominal muscles, but it is also distributed over the legs and the whole body, except the arms, and the development of the neck may be very considerably increased by this means.

Some More Wrinkles.

The above exercise being particularly suitable for wrestlers, it will not be out of place to give a few hints on this subject.

An important point which wrestlers should bear in mind is that it is highly injurious to exercise on the mat too soon after meals. Two or three hours at least should be allowed to elapse.

When wrestling, the man who can use his brains wins nearly every time. Whether on the offensive or the defensive, wrestle with your brains.

Do not be slow in your work. Slow wrestlers rarely accomplish anything, and are tedious to watch.

Make up your mind quickly—follow a preconcerted plan if you can, but, if foiled, don't step back and think—start on another tack.

Keep your hands clenched when down on all fours, otherwise your opponent may seize your fingers and force up your arm into an awkward position.

Keep your elbows also close to your sides. Study the art of feinting. Many a man has succumbed to a surprise attack which he was not prepared to counter.

When you have got your man down, put out all your weight, to keep him down, but release at once on being notified by the referee.

If a man "roughs" you don't "rough" him in return. Appeal to the "ref." If you win, do not crow over the loser. He may be every bit as good as you are, but unlucky on that day.

In conclusion, if you lose, acknowledge your defeat gamely, and lose like a man and an Englishman.

Digestion.

At the request of "H.H." (Walthamstow) I give below a table of the approximate times required for the digestion of various kinds of food.

	Hrs.	Mins.		Hrs.	Mins.
Sweet Apples	1	30	Roast Beef	5	0
Scrambled Eggs	1	30	Cheese	5	0
Bread	1	30	Boiled Potatoes	5	30
Boiled Cod	2	0	Roast Chicken	5	30
Milk	2	0	Boiled Cabbage	4	0
Baked Potatoes	2	30	Roast Veal	4	0
Roast Turkey	2	30	Roast Pork	5	0
Boiled Eggs	3	0			

BRIEF REPLIES.

A.F. (Wrexham).—Boils on the neck may be due to several causes. Impurity of blood is one, and uncleanliness another.

M.B. (————).—To cure bow legs, strap your knees together and have a pillow between your ankles during sleep.

BIT (Swansea).—The best cure is to wash frequently in very hot water, and use a rough towel vigorously.

C.C. (Holloway).—See last week's issue of "Modern Man" for weight increase.

REX (Wrexham).—Can only recommend systematic physical culture to develop the portion referred to.

L.F. (Birmingham).—Many men are troubled with small spots on the face, as the result of shaving. Use antiseptic shaving soap, and get the blood clean by taking plenty of exercise.

IN THE RING.

Boxers and Their Doings.

Many interesting programmes were carried out at the various boxing centres during the Christmas holidays, but the National Sporting Club closed its doors and Covent Garden missed the usual throng of "sports" who each week are catered for in the very able manner which has usually characterised Mr. "Peggy" Bettinson, the Club's popular manager, whose annual benefit takes place on January 6th.

* * *

The usual excellent card is being provided, and includes two fifteen round contests, which should easily satisfy the most exacting. Lance-Corpl. Miller will engage in one of these, his opponent being the redoubtable Seaman Hayes, who is able to make the best of them: travel; while the contest between Joe Starmer and Boyo Driscoll should provide a scientific and fast bout, as the latter has had the advantage of training with Freddie Welsh, the Prince of Lightweights.

As was only to be expected, Willie Ritchie is doing the dictating business for all he is worth, and coolly demands £2,000 to box either Freddie Welsh or Packey McFarland. This sort of game might pay very well for a while, but the public soon get fed up with such men, as was the case with Wolgast, and the boxer's popularity drops to zero.

* * *

Welsh may get fixed up, but Ritchie can be trusted to arrange matters with but a very small risk to his title.

* * *

Since his victory over Sid Burns at the National Sporting Club, Johnny Summers has been challenged from all quarters, and Johnny, in reply, says he will meet anybody for the 10st. 7lbs. championship at the club, but at any other venue they've got to come at 10st. 2lbs.

* * *

Although he is undoubtedly the best welterweight in England, Summers can easily make 10st., and has always had to concede much weight to opponents. Johnny has been wearing his thinking-cap lately, and hence the above stipulation as to the weights.

* * *

At a recent meeting of the Camberwell Borough Council, it was proposed that the question of boxing practice at the local public baths should be reconsidered.

It will be remembered that two years ago the suggestion was defeated. On this occasion it was again defeated, much to the disgust of the youthful section of the Camberwell community.

Councillor Simms made a brainy statement to the effect that boxing was not in the interest of health culture, nor even for training young men in the way they should go. Perhaps the worthy councillor, like most of his brother spoil-sports, has never seen a well conducted bout with the mitts.

BROKEN RESOLUTIONS

are the result of weak Will-Power. Why break yours when you can develop your Will-Power to double its present strength in a few months by a few minutes' daily exercise? The fee for the whole Course (four lessons) is only 2/6 (abroad 6d. extra). THIS IS YOUR TOTAL EXPENDITURE. The Course is sent in plain, sealed package. Enrol to-day. By doing so you will safeguard your —— resolutions.

THE ST. SETTEF INSTITUTE (Dept. M), PERTH, N.B.

P.S.—Last week "Modern Man" Physical Culture Expert said "The St. Settef Course of Will-Culture is extremely interesting and of great benefit."

HEIGHT INCREASED.

If you are under forty, I can increase your height by from two to three inches within three months, by means of my special exercises. No appliances, no drugs, no special diet. Send three penny stamps for particulars of my system.

ARTHUR GIRVAN

(Specialist in the Increase of Height).

Dept. M 17, Stroud Green Rd., London, N.

When replying to Advertisements, please mention "Modern Man."

YOU MUST TRY ONE OF OUR SAFETY RAZORS.

THEATRE NOTES AND NOTIONS.

INFORMATION FROM STAGELAND.

To allow an intelligent child to take charge of you for an afternoon at a good play, specially prepared by clever minds to satisfy both youthful and elderly tastes, is certainly one of the highest forms of entertainment obtainable at this or any other season.

* * *

Here are some proved winners of the above category, which will not fail to please :—"Where the Rainbow Ends" at the Garrick, "The Golden Land of Fairy Tales" at the Aldwych, Margaret Morris' Dancing Children at the Court and our never-to-be-forgotten "Peter Pan" back again at the Duke of York's.

* * *

I learn that the Strand's new revue "Nicely, Thanks" is to be superintended by Mr. Louis Rihll, a desirable importation from the higher amateur ranks!

* * *

All [illegible] will wish Mr. Mouni every success in his new London Opera House venture. There is a wonderfully original bill to start with. The projectoscope cinema, Beattie and Babs, and beautiful Miss Ivy Sawyer in Stedman's "Magic Bell" should ensure an enthusiastic welcome.

* * *

I should very much like to re-christen the talented musical sextette presented by Sig. A. Pizzi, with the rather clumsy nomenclature of "The Melodians." This turn was the gem at the Victoria Palace last week.

* * *

I should imagine that the Chiswick Empire must surely be the largest variety hall outside the Metropolis proper. It is to be hoped that the Syndicate will soon see its way clear to present a rather stronger bill!

During it's last boom I ran through nearly the whole awful gamut of living statuary. Henriette de Serris is the last and very easily the best exponent of this (usually) awkward art. With a solitary exception her turn is a sheer delight.

* * *

A word of congratulation to Mr. Eric Thorne. When Mr. Courtneidge was compelled to lose Mr. Geo. Graves' services to Drury Lane's gain, I did not imagine it in the least possible that he could be replaced with any degree of satisfaction. Mr. Thorne has dispelled my doubts.

* * *

Who was right about Mr. 'Gene Stratton's alleged appearance with the Palladium minstrels—*Modern Man* or *Pall Mall Gazette* and most of the Press?

* * *

Miss Elise Craven, the wonderful child dancer, and Miss Jewel St. Leger, are respectively the principal girl and principal boy in "Cinderella" at the Prince's Theatre. This production also possesses one of the most shapely and dashing "boys" in panto this year—to wit, Miss Bunnie Carey, who recently scored so well on tour in Mr. Herbert Darnley's "Boat-race" Co.

* * *

Mr. R. G. Knowles, the well-known comedian, who not long since completed an extensive tour in the East, has said: "Chinamen make an excellent audience. They laugh at anything. The Indians never smile and the children don't cry. I believe it is part of the creed of the Hindoo never to be happy until the hour of his death. Possibly the fact that the theatre adjoined a cemetery had something to do with it."

"I have never been in a more peaceful country," added Mr. Knowles.

W. R. CHILTON REECE.

£250 FOR CORRECT FOOTBALL RESULTS

At all times a plentiful supply of money is required, and our Football Skill Competition will provide it for you. Put your football knowledge to the test this week. Remember there is no entrance fee, and you can send in as many coupons as you like.

WHAT READERS HAVE TO DO.

On this page is given an entry form containing the names of football clubs engaged in matches in the First, Second, and Southern Leagues on Saturday January 4th, and for the prize of £250 you have to draw a line in ink through the name of the club you forecast will **lose**. Where you predict a **draw** leave in names of both teams. To the reader from whom we receive an entrance form showing the correct results of the matches given below we will award the sum of £250. In the event of no set of forecasts received representing the whole of the correct results £25 will be forwarded to the competitor whose effort is nearest to the correct results. Entry forms must be filled up in ink; erasion or alterations will disqualify the form; and in the event of a tie or ties, the prize will be divided.

CONDITIONS GOVERNING THE COMPETITION.

(1) On the coupon appearing on this page you will find the names of teams playing in matches fixed for Saturday, January 4th. Cross out the names of the teams you predict will lose. Where you forecast a draw don't cross out either name.

(2) Having done this, fill in your name and address in the space provided, cut out the entrance form and send it addressed to MODERN MAN, No. 10 Football Competition, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. The entrance form must reach us not later than first post on Friday, January 3rd. Any arriving later will be disqualified.

(3) Readers can send in as many coupons as they like. No employee of the firm can enter the competition.

(4) The prize of £250 will be awarded to the competitor whose Entry Form represents the correct solutions of all the matches played, but if the whole of the sixteen matches are not played the £250 prize will be reduced to one of £50.

(5) In the event of no Entrance Form containing all correct solutions, £25 will be awarded to the sender of the Entrance Form nearest to the correct result.

(6) In the event of a tie, or ties, in this Competition, the prize will be equally divided.

(7) No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for the loss or non-delivery of any effort, and evidence of posting will not be accepted as evidence of receipt.

(8) No correspondence will be entered into in connection with the competition, neither will interviews be granted.

(9) Any coupon on which any alteration of any description has been made will be disqualified.

(10) Scottish readers who are domiciled in Scotland are precluded from entering this competition, and no coupon bearing a Scottish address can be accepted.

MODERN MAN FOOTBALL CONTEST.—No. 10.

Matches to be played on Saturday, January 4th. Cross out —in ink—the name of the team you forecast will *lose*. For a *draw* do not cross out either name.

ASTON VILLA	v.	MANCHESTER CITY.
BOLTON WANDERERS	v.	WOOLWICH ARSENAL.
LIVERPOOL	v.	BRADFORD CITY.
MIDDLESBROUGH	v.	SHEFFIELD WEDNESDAY.
TOTTENHAM	v.	BLACKBURN ROVERS.
SHEFFIELD UNITED	v.	CHELSEA.
BARNSLEY	v.	LEEDS CITY.
BURNLEY	v.	CLAPTON ORIENT.
STOCKPORT COUNTY	v.	NOTTS FOREST.
PRESTON NORTH END	v.	LINCOLN CITY.
HULL CITY	v.	GLOSSOP.
FULHAM	v.	GRIMSBY TOWN.
QUEEN'S PARK RANGERS	v.	GILLINGHAM.
MILLWALL	v.	READING.
PORTSMOUTH	v.	CRYSTAL PALACE.
WEST HAM	v.	WATFORD.

I agree to abide by the conditions governing this Competition, and to accept as final the result published in *Modern Man*. I enter the Competition on this distinct understanding.

Signature .....

Address .....

SEND IN AS MANY COUPONS AS YOU LIKE.

FOR NAMES OF PRIZE WINNERS SEE PAGES 1745 AND 1758.

A Page of Interest to Ladies.

Doctors are declaring against cradles, and one authority asks why babies should be subjected to a motion like that of a small boat on the Atlantic. At the Infants' Hospital in Vincent Square, Liverpool, the cots are all quite rigid, and no rocking or patting or jigging up and down is allowed. The general view is that when a mother pats a baby on the back, or violently rocks it to stop it crying, she is merely relieving her own feelings, as she feels she must do something.

In future babies must be kept perfectly still, whether they cry, whimper, or yell. For, they say, the cunning infants only cry to be rocked. Why babies should not be rocked is not explained.

* * *

Domestics and Their Lot.

Writing from Pendleton, Manchester, on "The Servant Trouble," a reader signing herself "Fair Play," says:—

As a servant for ten years, I contend that in eighty cases out of a hundred, servants are what employers make them. Advertisements are continually appearing for experienced servants. Well, if none are taken in and trained, how are people to get experienced maids? Then, again, you find two or more servants sleeping in one room. One has to be up at six a.m., another at eight, who will be on duty very late at night. A bell rings in the room at six, which wakes the whole lot up. The one last on duty the previous night is roused at the same time as the one that went to bed at ten o'clock. Still, the mistresses can't understand complaints made about things of this sort. I have seen clothes drying in staff bedrooms; hundreds of houses have no staff bathroom, and no place for them to sit, and read, etc.

The reason why so many maids go wrong is because they have no comfort where they work, no fire in winter, nothing to occupy their time in the house when off duty. Oh, if masters and mistresses only regarded their servants as human beings and study them a little, what a very different lot the life of domestics would be.

* *

Candid Talks About Affection.

It is always a mistake, sometimes a fatal one, for a woman too plainly to show her love for any man, however much he may profess his love for her. The gravity of the error, of course, is measured by the manner of man whom the woman loves; all men are not alike, and some few can stand the test of utter security in the possession of that tender thing—a woman's heart.

But such men are as scarce as blue diamonds, and no woman is wise who adores a man and, still worse, tells him so. The telling is the major part of the mistake. Hearts are wilful things, and sometimes unbeknownst are lost, but at least the woman need not advertise the fact. There is much worldly wisdom in the saying that with impunity one may break all the "ten commandments" if one only obeys the precept "Thou shalt not be found out."

Undeniably there are times when, if hypocrisy merely be the power to dissemble the concealment of her real feelings, the wisest women are they who can play the role of thoroughbred hypocrites. It is one of the axioms of polite society that while a woman may have the same desires as a man, she has not the same right to express them.

It has been said that the theory of evolution is best proved by the resemblance which various people show to animals, and that the vast majority of women either are cats or dogs at the core. It is the cat-woman who best can hold her own with men; the pretty, graceful creature who can play and purr, who likes to be petted, but who can and does scratch when her fur is rubbed the wrong way.

* * *

Uncanny Bedrooms.

There is no accounting for taste. Some interesting facts have just come to hand concerning people who delight in making their sleeping surroundings as gruesome and funereal as possible.

One of them is a pious old maid residing in the suburbs of Liverpool. She has the walls of her bedroom covered with the memorial cards of her deceased relatives and friends. Scores upon scores of these cheerful reminders adorn her sleeping apartment.

On the mantelpiece stands a curious old clock, from the base of which emerges every hour a quaint funeral procession. After making a complete circuit of the edifice the cortege disappears through the aperture from which it appeared. Its passage is marked by the solemn tolling of a bell amongst the mechanism of the quaint timepiece, which its owner prizes highly.

Very uncanny are the surroundings in which the inmates of the Convent of the Holy Face, in the city of Montreal, pass the hours of night. The nuns, of whom there are some fourteen in the institution, sleep in separate cells, which are all alike. The only article of furniture in each cell is a coffin, in which the nun sleeps. On retiring she arrays herself in a night-robe with a crimson front, on which is painted a picture of the Saviour's face.

A crimson veil completes her outfit for the nocturnal hours, and her grim couch is devoid of both cushion and blanket.

* * *

Turning over some Old Leaves.

* * *

Sardine Eggs.

Take three hard-boiled eggs and cut them in half; remove the yolks and pound them in a mortar, together with six or eight sardines and a little butter and parsley. Season with salt and pepper, and moisten slightly with vinegar. Fill the halved whites of the eggs with this mixture; make hot, and serve in a bed of parsley, the centre eggs being raised by standing on a small round of bread.

This dish may be served cold by garnishing with watercress instead of parsley, and the eggs may be made to appear like little baskets by forming handles with a stalk of watercress. If there is any difficulty about making the eggs stand, cut a small piece off the pointed end so that they are flat.

* * *

Custard Savoury on Toast.

Make some toast, butter and stamp in rounds or fancy shapes. Melt a walnut of butter in a small enamel saucepan, and when melted add a teaspoonful of sauce, salt and pepper to taste. Blend well together and break into the mixture the yolk of one egg. Stir well, and when thick and creamy pour over the toast and serve very hot on a lace paper garnished with parsley.

ORDER YOUR "MODERN MAN" EARLY AND AVOID DISAPPOINTMENT

NEW READERS CAN BEGIN TO-DAY.

The Most Thrilling Melodrama ever written.

"SIN"

(The Wages of Sin is Death.)

BY

MARIE CONNOR LEIGHTON,

Author of "Hush Money," "Convict 99," etc., etc.

SOME CHARACTERS IN OUR EXTRAORDINARY STORY.

JASMINE FLOYD, the beautiful daughter of Wellington Floyd, of Parktown House, Fitzjohn's Avenue, Hampstead.

WELLINGTON FLOYD, "something in the City," rich, and a Churchwarden.

CARL STUTTERMANN, a bully, who poses as a friend of Floyd's.

HARRY EARLE, nephew of Lord Clarestoke, a convict serving ten years' penal servitude.

MARY GLOVER, a poor girl whom Jasmine meets accidentally.

HONOURABLE LEONARD SHOREHAM, son and heir of Lord Clarestoke.

TIGG, butler at Lord Clarestoke's in Eaton Square.

Jasmine shows Carl Stuttermann a letter, which tells her that her father is the biggest receiver of stolen goods in the Metropolis. Stuttermann says it is quite true, and laughing the laugh of a bully and a brute, informs her that if she fail, to lunch with him at his house in Chelsea on the following day, Mr. Wellington Floyd, otherwise Troop, should be in the hands of the police within an hour.

Earle effects a dramatic escape from Portmill Prison, in order to try to track down his destroyers, and to tell Jasmine of his love for her, which is reciprocated.

Jasmine sets out in a dense fog, to travel to Chelsea by a tube train which is wrecked in a collision, and among the slightly injured passengers is a girl, named Mary Glover, so much like Jasmine, that later, in order to secure money to obtain letters belonging to her from a man who had threatened to show them to her lover, consents to change clothes and impersonate Jasmine at the luncheon.

Using a key which Stuttermann lent her on condition that she promised to lunch with him, Jasmine gained admission to a villa in Regent's Park. While secreted behind a cabinet, she hears her father, who is disguised, negotiating with a stranger for the purchase of the stolen Great Sunstone diamond, and later she is amazed to see Harry Earle in the room and to hear him address her father: "You scoundrel, you know me, don't you. I am Harry Earle, whom you—"

But he gets no farther, for at that very moment police officers rush into the room and there is a wild stampede in darkness.

Upon escaping from the house, Jasmine goes to Stuttermann's residence to fetch Mary Glover, and is horrified to find her dead at the luncheon table.

Earle also visits the place, and the truth known, he springs at Stuttermann, strikes him down, rendering him unconscious, and then leaves the house, followed by a doctor, shouting for the police.

Lennie Shoreham is perturbed when he hears from Jasmine, now known as Miss Henry, of her promise to marry Earle, and, disguised as a warder, visits Earle, who has been re-arrested, at Portmill Prison, and tells him that he (Earle) is the real heir to the Clarestoke peerage, adding, "I am a woman, not a man, and am mad with love for you."

In the prison hospital, a dying convict describes to Earle the fellow who placed the stolen diamonds in his (Earle's) room, the jewels for which he was convicted, and he further vouchsafes the information that Stuttermann himself had told him he was jealous of Earle because he wanted Jasmine.

At Lord Clarestoke's house, Lennie Shoreham accidentally drops on the floor a piece of cloth with the ugly and ominous brand upon it. Jasmine, seeing it, knows it as a sign, and cries, "Where did you get it? For I must go to him; I must go!"

Lord Clarestoke dies suddenly and Lennie Shoreham determines that Earle shall win his peerage by trampling on Jasmine Floyd's heart. Jasmine pays a secret visit to her old home and also visits Stuttermann's house, where she overhears Stuttermann and another man plotting Earle's death.

CHAPTER VII. (continued).

THE GULF OF PERIL.

Nearer and nearer Jasmine Floyd moved to the dining-room door, drawn even in the very face of danger by the determination to know who it was that was sitting with Carl Stuttermann plotting the death by foul play of the man she loved. And then suddenly a voice of the second man fell on her ear, startling her so that she drew back as violently as she might have done from the brink of a precipice.

For it was the voice of her father.

It was her father who was in there with Stuttermann! Her father who was helping the fat, sappy half-German scoundrel to arrange that a convict now on the point of removal from Wormwood Scrubs to the great Portmill prison, should be given a secret order to "get at" Harry Earle and murder him! And she dared not rush in upon these two planners of murder because they both believed her to be dead, and neither of them must for a single instant suspect her to be living.

If they should discover her to be still among the living and not lying in the grave where they both believed they had seen her laid, what would happen? She dared not face the possibility. She dared not face the change that would come upon the faces of these two men if she were now to present herself before them. Her father would know instantly that he was no longer simply her loved father in her sight, but a guilty criminal whom she had found out and could betray to his ruin—yes, even to his death; and Carl Stuttermann would know that she guessed that all had not been right about the death of the girl who had come to luncheon here with him in her stead. And might not the two of them, even though one was her father, plan her death as they were planning Harry Earle's?

And this one thing above all others was clear to her—that if it were known that she who loved him was still alive, Harry Earle's chance of life would be even less than it was at present.

And, Heaven knew, the chance he had now was small enough!

All these things flashed through her mind in the few seconds between her first start back on hearing her father's voice and her first move to reach safety in case either of the two men in the dining-room should come out. The grave danger which she herself ran was terribly plain to her, but plainer still was the danger to Harry Earle and the fact that if she were to save him, even to help him at all, she must be free.

"They shall not kill him! They shall not kill him!" she said, passionately, over and over again in her swelling throat, as she went softly back along the hall to where the curious little cupboard-like space that was used for keeping bottles of wine in opened off just behind the front door. Her heart was throbbing fast as she asked herself what she should do if it should turn out that the man whom she had heard speaking in the train had been wrong, and that there was no access to any secret recess in the dining-room from this cupboard. In that case she might be caught like a rat in a trap—she who was supposed to be lying in her grave.

How her father and Stuttermann would be staggered, dumfounded, if they saw her!

The wine cupboard was narrow, but high. She could stand upright in it, and once inside it, she began to feel the bricks in order to discover which were loose enough to be removed. After ten minutes' searching she was on the point of giving up in despair and slipping from the cupboard to make her way downstairs again, when at last she found the section of wall that she sought. With her heart beating faster than ever she pulled away the bricks one by one, working very noiselessly lest any sound made here should be heard from the dining-room. Another ten minutes and the way was clear, and Jasmine Floyd was forcing her slender body through the opening which she herself had made into the dark space beyond.

No one who was not active and slender could possibly have got through. In this she had some security, for neither her father nor Stuttermann could follow her even if they should discover the secret of this place which had been so strangely revealed to her. But, as a precaution, she presently reached over from the inner side, and, taking up the displaced bricks one by one, put them back loosely in their places so that no suspicion might be aroused in case anyone looked into the cupboard from the hall. All except the topmost one. A sudden fear came over her lest she should be stifled here in this airless nook, and she left the space for the top brick vacant, so that

"FIRSTS AND LASTS" MUST APPEAL TO EVERYBODY.

what little air could get into the cupboard from the hall might reach her. Panting, she groped her way inward, praying for some sign of those hidden spyholes into the dining-room of which the men in the train had spoken. As yet she saw no gleam of light. But a yard further on the recess took a curve, and half a dozen small round spaces of light shining white into the blackness showed where the watching holes were.

How large they were! Or was it the light from them shining into such pitchy darkness that made them look large? How could they be of such a size and not have been noticed from the room into which they gave a view.

Ah! but she herself remembered now, that the large picture which hung against the end wall of the dining-room had a remarkably wide and heavily carved frame. In the shadows of this heavy and combre-hued carving even large eye-holes might very well be hidden. Yes, she saw how it was.

"The man who contrived those holes must have been very clever to do them so well, that even Carl Stuttermann has not detected them in a room that he sits in for hours every day," she told herself as she drew close to the shining rounds of light and looked through them, while already there came quite clearly to her ear the words that were at this moment being spoken between her father and his hateful accomplice.

The light shining in on the girl's flushed face and roughened fair hair made her such a picture of growing beauty as would have startled anyone who had suddenly seen her thus illumined. But, in spite of the glow and the flush, her beautiful face was haggard. For her soul was full of suspense and her heart of torture. She had come to this house to search for proofs of Stuttermann's guiltiness of the death of Mary Glover, and she had been just in time to learn that the man she loved was in terrible and imminent danger. Was it strange that in these moments her fresh, young loveliness was drawn and marred with dread and anguish?

As she looked through the spyholes her straining eyes saw clearly the figures of her father and Stuttermann sitting [illegible] dining-table with glasses and a [illegible] decanter, and half a dozen more bottles in front of them. Her father was so completely disguised that in any other place and without hearing aloud his voice she herself might not have known him. [illegible] that she had come to spy about her, because their attention was not attracted at all to the end of the room from which she was looking at them. They were talking together quickly and closely, and a shudder ran through her as she discovered that they were still talking of how the convict from Wormwood Scrubs would be able to get at Harry Earle in Portmill Prison.

"But are you sure Soapy Sam is to be trusted to hold his tongue about us if this business should go wrong, and he should be found out?" her father was asking, anxiously.

"Sure? Why, yes," Stuttermann grunted between two gulps of whisky. "Haven't I promised that we'll look after his wife and his crippled child till he's worked out his sentence? He dotes on that wife and child, and on their account he'd be torn into little pieces before he'd give us away. You've no need to be qualmish about him. Besides, he never makes a mull of anything. He'll do this job as smartly as he's done the two others we've given him. He'll watch for his chance and seize it when it comes, and not a soul in the prison will have a ghost of an idea that Harry Earle died by any hanky-panky means. It'll be as safe as safe can be. But even if an accident did happen, and Sam was nabbed at the job, he wouldn't open his mouth. He's no fool, Sam isn't. We're lucky to be able to lay hands on him, seeing that the matter is urgent, and we should have had to take some other man at once if we couldn't have got at him. He won't bungle. Don't you be afraid! And, anyhow, it doesn't take much cleverness to bring about a man's death in a convict prison."

Jasmine Floyd's blood ran cold in her veins as she heard. Why was Harry Earle in the way of these two men? How was it that they looked upon him as dangerous? How was his life such a menace to them that they were willing to run awful added risks in order to make him helpless in death? These questions flashed through her brain as she stood on [illegible] and listened. And then, as in another flash she remembered the [illegible] in the villa in Regent's Park where her father carried on his unlawful business, and how Harry Earle had rushed in, and going up to her father, had cried out: "You scoundrel! I am Harry Earle whom you——"

That was all he had said. What else had he been going to say? What revelation would the last part of his unfinished sentence have made to her if he could have uttered it?

But even those few jerked out words: "I am Harry Earle, whom you——" were enough to show her plainly now that he must have been mixed up in some way with her father [illegible] the name of Troop—not knowing him to be her father, seemingly and without reproach though she knew he must always have been, he must have found his life path cross the paths of these bad men, one of whom—God help her!—was bound to herself by the closest tie of blood. And by having crossed their path he had found out more about them than they cared that he should know, and was therefore a living threat to them who must be got rid of. Oh, Father in Heaven, how could she save him from them? What could she do to thwart this infamous plan which they were even now making?

"I would give my very life-blood for him, and yet I cannot help him!" she moaned inwardly as, still standing with her eyes to the spyholes, she heard Carl Stuttermann tell her father exactly how "Soapy Sam" was to be got at and primed concerning this ugly piece of work which he was to do when he got to the great convict settlement in the south.

The very sight of Stuttermann sickened her. Only to look at his large, heavy face, lit by its two little piggish evil eyes, and at his clumsy, unwieldy body, was a horror to her. She fancied she could catch even across the breadth of the small room the smell of alcohol which always exuded from him, making him repulsive to approach. And to think that he—he!—in his loathsomeness, had power of life and death over the manly and noble and guiltless man whom she loved! And as he sat there he was almost her own murderer; for he had very surely taken the life of a woman whom he had believed to be her.

"So it'll be all as right as can be," concluded this big brute, now in his half German voice that was so hateful to her. "In a very few weeks Harry Earle will be gone where we shan't have to reckon with him. And now I want to know how I'm to be paid for all this?"

"How you're to be paid? But you're paid already. You're paid a hundred times too much."

"Not for the risks I take, and the way I hold my tongue about you and the highly respectable Wellington Floyd of Fitzjohn's Avenue being one and the same person. I could knock your career on the head with half a dozen words. You know that very well.

Mr. Wellington Floyd, otherwise Troop, moved his chair nervously.

"I can't afford any more," he declared, obstinately.

"Can't afford any more?" Stuttermann laughed. "Don't you try to cram any lies of that sort down my throat, old man. What about the Sunstone diamond money? And what about the ten thousand pounds you've just come in for as your own daughter's heir Ah! you thought I didn't know anything about that little haul, eh?"

Jasmine, listening from her hiding-place, nearly forgot the danger of her position so far as to start. So her father had come in for money as her heir! This was news to her. It sickened her anew, and made her ask herself once more what he would say if she were to present herself before him now alive and strong.

And Stuttermann, who believed himself to be her murderer —for she knew this as well as if his soul lay bare before her —dared to ask for a share of this money!

Oh, the foulness and the horror of it all!

* * *

CHAPTER VIII.

THE FATE OF THE CONVICT PEER.

"You'll have to give me half of that ten thousand quid," went on Carl Stutterman. He spoke with a lurking threat in his slow, disagreeable voice.

"Half of that—and some of the Sunstone diamond money besides. If you make any trouble about it I shall show you up. You're in a ticklish position now. It's touch and go with you from one minute to another. I've only got to speak half a word and you'd find yourself nabbed, and there'd be a grand show up of Mr. Wellington Floyd, of Parktown House, Fitzjohn's Avenue—Mr. Floyd, a bright light of the church, and of highly respectable upper middle class society. And your wife, too—that very clean-minded, unsuspecting woman who thinks you are a sort of little god upon earth, full of sweetness and good works, and has a vague notion that you'll get a knighthood some day—what will she feel like when she finds out that her handsome house and her furs and gowns and jewels and money for charities have all been provided out of stolen goods? She's always thought so much of the spotlessness of her name that when she finds it in all the newspapers as the name of the largest and boldest receiver of stolen goods in London it will give her a shock that she won't get over in a hurry. She'll go to her grave cursing you, and knowing that all the rest of the world is laughing at you. Whereas, if you pay me that five thousand quid, everything will go on smoothly, and you can play your part of high respectability to the end."

"Or until you put the screw on me again," Jasmine heard her father say, hardly above his breath. She saw him take another gulp of whisky. Then he said, with a sort of restless fierceness in his voice:

"But, after all, who are you to threaten me? It's the pot calling the kettle black. I can give you away as much as you can give me away. And you've got a hide that could be flogged in a convict prison as much as any man's and unless you're a bigger fool than you look you'll take mighty good care not to split on me."

"That's all very well, my fine friend, but I am not a dignitary living at Parktown House, Fitzjohn's Avenue. I can slip out of sight any day. And my neck isn't in the noose. Yours is."

£250 FOR FOOTBALL RESULTS.

The girl waiting and listening in the recess behind the wall, ...ddered more and more. She knew that her father would give ... to the other man's demands. And he did give in.

"All right. You shall have your five thousand. But if you ...ther me any more after that you'll be making a mistake. Be...des, it's no new thing your holding your tongue. You've done ... from the beginning. Why do you want to be paid extra for ...all of a sudden?"

"Because while your pretty little Jasmine was alive I always ...eant her to be my reward. Oh, I know you always meant her ... marry into the peerage, or at least to get hold of a knight! ...t I'd made up my mind to have her and I should have had ... Now that she's gone I've got to be paid some other way."

Jasmine, in the recess, clenched her hands with a desperate ...ghtness. Suddenly she heard her father mention her—but ...thout knowing that he did so.

He, too, had clenched his fist, and now he brought it down ...ily on the table, making the glasses and the decanter and ...e soda water bottles rattle.

"I can't think for the life of me who the girl can have been ...at the police have been advertising for as having been in the ...egent's Park villa on that afternoon when they raided it. ...They've advertised for her as a witness of that blow I struck ...at detective. It was a bit too hard a knock, and it landed ...e in a horribly tight corner. But I couldn't help it. I ...idn't know the bounder was never going to get up again. ...nd this girl saw it, they say. Who on earth can she have ...een? Have you got any idea?"

"Not a ghost of an idea," declared Stuttermann. "You ...in't know there was any girl there at all, did you?"

"Not till I saw the police placards about her. Who do you ...ink she can have been? And how can she have got into the ...ouse?"

"Got in when the police did, I suppose." Stuttermann ...hrugged his shoulders. "Or else she might have got in by fol...owing that fellow, Harry Earle, through the window you say he smashed to get at you. She may have been a rank outsider. But, outsider or not, it's awkward that she saw what she saw."

"Yes," thought the listening Jasmine Floyd to herself. "He's right enough to say he doesn't know who the girl was. He'd given me the key of the villa, but he believed that I was here with him all the afternoon. Great Heaven! What a curse to poor Mary's lover was her amazing likeness to me! . . . How does that scoundrel think he got the key back into his pocket again? I suppose he must think that I slipped it in there without telling him, before I sat down to the luncheon table with him. Oh, if I could only get proof now—this very day that he murdered Mary Glover! Then I might save my darling—my Harry, whose life is to be in fearful and hourly peril after to-morrow."

"What's that?" she heard Stuttermann say next. He spoke in an altered voice, as if he had been suddenly startled. He and her father were both looking round as if they had heard some unexpected noise. But they were not looking round in the direction of the end wall through the holes of which she was watching them, and she knew that she herself had not made any movement or any sound of any kind whatever, and therefore was in no danger of discovery. She fancied, indeed, that she too had heard the noise which had disturbed them—a slight noise in the direction of the basement staircase. Was it some of the servants coming up? What else could it be?

She was not left long in doubt. Another moment and the same exclamation had broken from the lips of both her disguised father and the heavy-faced greasy Stuttermann.

"The police! It's the police! Quick! The front door!"

Then her father added: "But the front door is no good. They're sure to be watching that. We must go into the room on the half landing. They won't think of looking there, because the door can't be detected from the staircase wall. Then, when we've heard them go up into the upper rooms to search we can come down and get out by the back way."

(*Continued on page* 1757.)

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STOCKS AND SHARES.

BY "ORTHOS," THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

I was very pleased to receive last week a large number of letters from readers wishing me the compliments of the season, and at the same time thanking me for the advice I had given them during the last few months which had enabled them to make money on the Stock Exchange.

* * *

It is nice to get such letters of appreciation, and I can only hope that in 1913 I shall be able to continue putting my readers on to good things and advise them against pitfalls.

* * *

The Stock Exchange has hardly settled down to serious business again.

* * *

There was a big decrease in the Brighton Railway Traffic last week. The traffic returns showing £6,880 down, but this made very little difference to the price of the stock.

* * *

Little Chats, South Eastern Deferred, and Metropolitans, also Districts, were very active before the holidays, and I think we can look with confidence to Railway Stock all round going much better in the New Year, especially with a likelihood of good dividends at an early date.

* * *

There has been some slight improvement in the American market since my notes last week, but I advise readers who are accustomed to deal in this market to tread very warily, as I am inclined to think we shall still see some heavy selling before a steady improvement sets in.

* * *

Canadian Pacifics have also been affected by the slump in Americans, and Grand Trunks have also been depressed.

* * *

National Steam Cars are still one of the best among industrials, and the report of the meeting the other day clearly shows that the Company is in a very sound financial position. The Chairman mentioned that they have got the best 'bus on the road, and that the profits per 'bus are still likely to increase during the current year.

* * *

There has been a somewhat sharp rally in Associated Cements after the slump of a few days ago; but, I would advise my readers to leave these shares alone, as I candidly cannot see they are worth their present price.

* * *

Among Oils there has been some good buying of Spies Petroleum, which is one of the shares that I strongly recommended my readers to buy in the Oil market.

* * *

The Companies concerned in the latest amalgamation among Maikop Companies are the International Maikop, the Maikop Oil Propriety, the Maikop Russian Oil, and the Maikop Standard Oil Fields. The scheme involves the formation of a new company called the International Russian Oil Fields, Ltd., with a capital of £500,000 in shares of 5s. each.

* * *

It is a pity these new amalgamation schemes are being pushed forward at the present time. How much better it would be for Mr. Tweedy and his friends to wait until they know the result of the test now being undertaken in the Maikop Field.

* * *

Once satisfy the public that there is oil in plenty on the Maikop Field and they will not be slow to respond with more money for amalgamations, or new companies to undertake development.

* * *

Speculative interest among rubber shares seems to have subsided for the time being. Dealers are looking for a speedy revival of activity, but I personally look upon the rubber market now as one more for investment than speculation.

* * *

The good dividend payers are worth investing your money in, but of the others they are best left alone.

* * *

Mining shares have been receiving somewhat more attention than usual, and in a large number of cases prices have been marked up.

Chartereds have been fairly active, which is also the with one or two of the other leading counters in Rhodesian Section.

* * *

There has also been some business doing among tin sha Jostin have hardened to 7s., on a declaration of an in national dividend of 10 per cent. for the past financial ye

* * *

The dividend will absorb £7,062 and the profits for period amounted to £10,022. Jostin is one of the sh that I have from time to time advised my readers to

* * *

In the American group Cobalt shares have been bet Casey Cobalt are now quoted at 2 12-16, and Cobalt To sites are the turn better at 3 11-16.

* * *

In addition to these two companies we have the Town Extension Cobalt, present price 35s.

* * *

Shares in all three companies are worth securing, as things are looked for from this group. I have informat that satisfies me the shares of all three companies be put much higher at an early date.

* * *

I am certain my readers can make substantial profits h if they buy now, so I strongly recommend a purchase, and you require a broker to deal with I shall be pleased send you the name and address of a member of the St Exchange.

ORTHOS

* * *

BRIEF REPLIES.

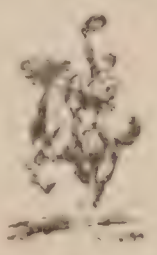
S. H. (Windsor).—Union Pacifics are one of the best in the Ameri list, so that I do not think you can go far wrong in buying at present low price. Only three weeks ago they stood at about 175, are quite likely to reach this figure again inside the next two or th months. If you make up your mind to buy you had better purchase once. With regard to Steels, although they may rise I cannot recomm a purchase.

J. H. (Middlesex).—Hold your mining shares until the latter part January, when you are likely to be able to sell at a much better p Districts are worth buying and also Grand Trunk Third Pref.

J. G. (Bolton).—The amount you mention is too small to spec with.

THE FINANCIAL EDITOR WILL BE PLEASED TO ANSWER A ENQUIRY BY POST ON RECEIPT OF P.O. FOR SIXPENCE, OR WIRE, ONE SHILLING.

MODERN MAN LEAGUE.



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WE ALL LIKE MONEY MAKE IT WHILE YOU CAN.

"SIN," OUR THRILLING MELODRAMA—Continued.

In the next instant they had rushed from the room, even the heavy Stuttermann moving with an almost striking liveliness. Jasmine hardly heard them go up the stairs, so softly did they go—elderly men though both of them were—but she judged that they had just had time to reach the room on the half landing when sounds of men's voices and footsteps came to her from the hall, and half a dozen police officers appeared in the dining-room.

"They're not here," she heard one of them say. "But they've been here a minute or two ago. Here's their drinks just as they left them and a live cigarette burning a hole in the cloth. We've frightened them away. They must be in the house somewhere unless they've got out by the window. They couldn't have gone by the front door because our men are watching it, and they couldn't have gone down by the back stairs because we've only just come up them. They're bound to be in the house. They're both too old, and Stuttermann's too fat to do much window climbing."

Jasmine, watching, saw two of them rush nevertheless to the window, throw it up and look down into the night darkness.

"No sign of 'em here. I didn't think there would be. They couldn't manage this. They must be in the house."

Two other men had already searched the dining-room, having looked behind and beneath every large article of furniture and investigated the cupboard beyond. Now, satisfied that this room, in any case, did not hold the quarry they were hunting, all the six policemen stampeded upstairs. Jasmine felt as if her heart were in her throat as she listened. She heard them all pass the half landing without stopping. No doubt Stuttermann had contrived that the door of the little room here should be in very deed so exactly like the staircase wall on either side of it that no one ordinarily passing would notice the difference. Anyhow, the policemen had not noticed it. She was sure of that. For she heard them go up and up, being presently followed by two of their companions who had stayed down to search the other sitting-room. And a few moments later again, when every one of the searchers seemed to be at the top of the house, she heard the faintest possible sound of footsteps crossing the hall.

The sound was so faint that if she had not expected it she would not have heard it at all. She heard nothing more afterwards, but her instinct told her that her father and Stuttermann had managed somehow to clear out of the house.

She knew that this was so when two or three minutes later, the searchers who had been upstairs came running down angry and disappointed, and muttering that they had never been so sure of catching "Troop" before, and now once again he had escaped them. She heard them divide their forces, some of them going out at the front door and the others clattering down the back staircase. She had heard something muttered about there being no servants in the house, and when presently she heard the last of the agents of the law go away, she had a relieved feeling that there was no one but herself anywhere in it.

Creeping back out of the recess into the wine cupboard, she replaced the movable bricks after her, and issued forth, trembling, white, and strangely exhausted, into the hall. It seemed to her that a long, long time, instead of merely half an hour or so, must have passed since she had found the recess and gone into it to play the part of spy in order that justice might be done on Carl Stuttermann. She felt so completely exhausted that she craved to lie down and rest, but there was no rest for her yet. For was not the life of the man she loved in imminent and fearful danger?

"I must search the dining-room now while Carl Stuttermann is out and they are all out," she told herself. "This is my chance—for I must not forget that I am a dead woman moving about the world, and that my safety depends on everyone continuing to believe me dead. But if I can only find some clue—perhaps under God's blessing some proof—that Mary Glover's fate was due to a crime, then from behind the veil of death I may save Harry Earl yet."

She tottered from the hall into the dining-room, where the still brightly burning electric lights seemed to mock at the dead silence—the silence of emptiness and desertion. She sat down in the chair in which her father had been sitting before he had risen to bolt before the onrushing police, and then from it she sank to her knees, and lifting her trembling hands prayed aloud:

"Oh, Father in Heaven, in this house of sin and crime grant me some proof against Carl Stuttermann that will give me the power to save the man I love. Have mercy upon Harry Earle, ah, God! Help me to save him in this hour of his great peril. Give me some weapon against his enemies! Grant me some proof, even in this moment, against Mary Glover's murderer, if, indeed Mary Glover died here by a crime!"

She rose slowly from her knees then and looked about her. And in the loneliness and intense silence she who had prayed for Harry Earle's life saw something that made her heart leap up within her.

(To be continued.)

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THERE ARE STILL SOME "NICE PLACE" POSTCARDS LEFT.

ON THE ROAD.

Useful Information for Cyclists.

That the question of the price of petrol has reached an acute stage is evidenced by the fact that a reward of £2,000 is offered for a practicable substitute that can be produced in large quantities at a moderate cost.

In spite of this and the various substitutes already tried, I still think that the solution of this vexed question will be the introduction of an efficient paraffin carburettor for air-cooled engines.

Those riders who economise by introducing a certain percentage of paraffin in their tanks should remember that in the winter proper carburation is impeded by damp and cold, and accordingly lessen the percentage of paraffin used during the winter months.

Whilst on the subject of carburation readers may be interested to know that I have been recently testing one of the small fittings for converting a single into a multiple jet.

After a week's trial I found that it made little, if any, difference in the petrol consumption, but increased to a marked degree the flexibility of the running, and on account of this only they are well worth purchasing.

The many riders who favour the use of an exhaust whistle in preference to a horn will be pleased to hear that such fittings will not be considered an infringement of the law against cut-outs that comes into effect on March 1st, 1913.

A motorist who had warned another passing motorist of a police trap was held to be not guilty of obstructing the police in the execution of their duty. The magistrate seems to have taken a sensible view of the case, but not so fortunate was an A.A. scout, who was convicted and fined for warning passing cars of a trap in the vicinity.

RACING SELECTIONS.

By "The Old Hand."

HURST PARK—MONDAY.
Palace Selling Hurdle Race: WHISPERING CAPTAIN.
Park Steeplechase: RORY O'MORE.
Three-Year-Old Hurdle Race: LADY TORRINGTON.
Maiden Hurdle Race: DANDYPRAT.

CLIFTON PARK (BLACKPOOL)—MONDAY.
Seaside Selling Hurdle: SLOW LEOPARD.
Selling Handicap Steeplechase: CLOCKWORK II.
Lancashire Handicap Hurdle Race: NEWGRANGE.
Three Miles Open Steeplechase: RATHNALLY.

HURST PARK—TUESDAY.
Surbiton Selling Hurdle Race: TURNOVER.
Priory Selling Steeplechase: TITTERSTONE.
Moseley Handicap Steeplechase: FORKHILL.
Old Year Consolation Steeplechase: BELUS.
Surrey Three-Year-Old Hurdle Race: WAVEBERG.
Hurst Park Welter Flat Race: GARINISH ISLAND.

CLIFTON PARK—TUESDAY.
Shore Selling Steeplechase: FLYER.
Talbot Selling Hurdle Race: CARNFORTH.
Clifton Park Juvenile Hurdle Race: THE LISTENER.
Moderate Handicap Hurdle Race: THE PADDY.
Stewards' Handicap Steeplechase: LONG WATER.

MANCHESTER—WEDNESDAY.
New Year Handicap Hurdle Race: KENTUCKY.
January Handicap Steeplechase: USURY.
Wednesday Selling Hurdle Race: WISEACRE.

MANCHESTER—THURSDAY.
Manchester Handicap Steeplechase: GREAT PETER
Paddock Handicap Steeplechase: AGNES M.

HAYDOCK PARK—FRIDAY.
Makerfield Handicap Steeplechase: OGLE'S PRIDE.
Ashton Maiden Hurdle Race: JASEUR.
Garard Maiden Steeplechase: CONNIE EDISS.

HAYDOCK PARK—SATURDAY.
Earlstown Handicap Hurdle Race: CLIMAX.
Maiden Four-Year-Old Hurdle Race: CHAUTON.
St. Helen's Selling Steeplechase: PETROPAVLOSK.

THE RACING EDITOR WILL WIRE THE BEST THING HE KNOWS EACH DAY FOR 5s. WEEKLY, OR WILL SEND A SINGLE MESSAGE FOR 1s. SELECTIONS WILL BE WIRED OVERNIGHT FOR THE BENEFIT OF READERS WHO CANNOT DEAL WITH MID-DAY MESSAGES.

"FIRSTS AND LASTS" PRIZE WINNERS.

We have much pleasure in announcing the names of the fifth batch of prize winners in connection with our fascinating winter evening pastime, "Firsts and Lasts":—

The first prize of £2 9s. goes to:—

W. G. BROMFIELD, 311, Norwich Road, Ipswich.

The winning "First and Last" is—
CHRISTMAS CHEER: C"WTS" RE"CHOIR"ED.

MRS. G. A. ROGERS, 42, Lime Grove, Cheadle, Manchester,

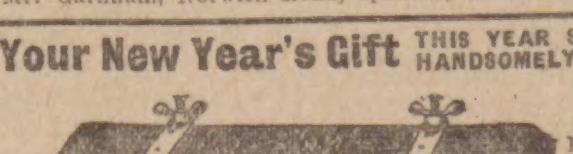
takes the second prize of £1 with—
IRISH WIT: INVARIABLY (T)ERSE!

Ten prizes of 5s. each are awarded to—

C. WHITTAKER, 19, York Road, West Hartlepool.
S. L. MIDDLETON, 1, Glebe Street, Leicester.
JOHN WHITTLE, 102, Waterloo Road, Ashton, Preston.
W. F. PERKINS, 30, Harding Terr., Northampton.
T. LUCAS, R. E. Office, The Barracks, Cork, Ireland.
CECIL PURSEY, 99, Dover Road, Folkestone.
JOHN S. PRICE, 78, Malefant Street, Cardiff.
L. F. STRINGER, 19, Coundon Road, Coventry.
ROBT. LAMB, 13, Albion Grove, Peel Green, Patricroft, nr. Manchester.
MISS M. CHAPMAN, Halwill Junction, North Devon.

NEWSAGENT'S PRIZE.—Mr. Bromfield purchased his "Modern Man" from Mr. Garnham, Norwich Road, Ipswich, to whom a cheque will be sent.

Your New Year's Gift THIS YEAR SHOULD BE A SPECIAL ONE. HANDSOMELY PLATED TROUSER PRESS.



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give your height, chest measurement over vest, and colour desired, and we send you 35s. self-fitting ready-to-wear Overcoat post paid, pay 4s. on delivery and 5s. monthly. We also supply the "New Oxford" Coat in same shades double-breasted, belt strap and strapped sleeves for 40s., or 5s. deposit, 5s. on delivery, 5s. monthly. Send 4s. (or 5s. for the D.B.), and ask for the "New Oxford" ready-to-wear Overcoat. Patterns free on application.

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Fine Box Calf, Straight Cap, etc., 13s. 6d. Send 2s. 6d. with size, pay 2s. 6d. on receipt, and 2s. 6d. monthly. Tan Willow, extra good, 17s. 6d. same terms.

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THE OUTER MAN.

By CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

WATERPROOFING BOOTS.

Where appearance is subordinated to comfort, as in the case of shooting boots, you will find it advisable from time to time to give them an application of grease. This will help to make them waterproof, and will ensure the flexibility of the leather in spite of many wettings.

Linseed oil or vaseline are admirably suitable for greasing boots. Where you want your boots to polish, don't overdo the greasing. A little keeps out the wet quite effectively.

COLLARS.

There is nothing which spoils a man's appearance more thoroughly than wearing a collar that is too wide for him. Most men realise this, and are careful to choose a collar of such a size that one does not see down their neck. In spite of this care, however, it is possible for a man's collar to be unbecoming to him, even although it is the right size for him.

The fault is generally that of the laundry.

I have observed that collars, when they are returned to you from the wash, have a peculiarly wide shape; they are very narrow from front to back, and wider than they ought to be from side to side.

How the laundry people obtain this result and why they get it, I do not profess to know, but that they do often send collars back in this condition is a fact known to most of us. If you put on a collar like this, it sticks out at each side of your neck and spoils your appearance. The cure is very simple. Before putting the collar on, twist it round in your hand gently but firmly, bending it in to an exact circle. Twist it, in fact, as if you wanted to pack it up into a very small parcel, but be careful not to crease it in any way.

Collars so treated will form a perfect circle when fixed upon your shirt, and will look twice as well as a collar bent in the way that the laundry bends them.

STRAW HATS LIKE PLATES.

The plate-shaped straw boater is one of the new fashions which will be sprung on men next summer.

The advent of this novelty is heralded in a report from the straw hat centre at Luton, which announces that already many of the principal houses are engaged in making boaters with indented circle brims, i.e., brims with an upward curl.

With all due respect to the inventor, however, and without any desire to interfere in the business of the straw hat whose ambition it is to look like a plate, one cannot, as has been said, help being struck with the fact that the brim will be a convenient receptacle for rain.

If the fashion must come, why not an amendment in the form of a neat little overflow pipe? It could be effectively carried out, say, in light celluloid, coloured, or plain, and, jutting out behind, would be highly serviceable in draining off the water.

WINTER CYCLE TOGS.

I do not advocate loading oneself with too many clothes, but I would point out that winter cycling is uncommonly cold, especially when there are a good many hills down which to free-wheel.

A thick woollen undervest or a sweater—the latter, by the way, may easily be worn under the shirt if you cut its collar off—should be worn. Worsted gloves are the best to wear, for they don't feel nasty to the fingers when wet.

BRIEF REPLIES.

F.A. (Birmingham).—For a smart lounge suit I should recommend one of blue grey cloth. The coat should have three small dome-shaped buttons placed close together, with four small buttons on each cuff.

Coat and waistcoat buttons should be covered with the cloth of which the suit is made.

The trousers should be cut to turn up.

Readers Sale or Exchange.

Advts. are inserted under this heading at the rate of 1d. per word, and should be sent with remittance to the Advt. Manager, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

A bargain, coat-hanger, with trouser-stretcher, new, post free P.O. 1s. 8d., or two for 2s. 9d., carriage paid.—Box 4595, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Conjuring catalogue, illustrated, free; send early.—Vandy (Dept. M.M.), next Wyndham's Theatre, London.

Why be Short? By adopting my simple system you can put inches on to your height in three months. No apparatus. No medicines. Ordinary habits retained. Send two penny stamps for particulars, to Professor Prowse, 3, North End Chambers, Croydon.

Marvellous hair grower, restores grey hair to its natural colour; absolutely genuine, results certain; recipe, post free, 1s. 1d.—Box No. 9172, "Modern Man," 29 Farringdon St., London, E.C.

Strong Will Power, and how to obtain it. See The St. Settef Institute announcement on page 1750.

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Dress coat and waistcoat, gentleman will take 25s. for same, equal to new, chest 40in.—Box 601, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

£300 British Homes certificate, present value £62, no arrears; offers, or exchange.—Box 602, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

18ct. French quarter repeater, by Thomas Rogers, of Charing Cross, date about 1817, price £8.—Box 603, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Stret, London, E.C.

Cornet, silver plated and engraved, leather case, etc., complete, condition as new, £3 10s.—Box 611, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon St., London, E.C.

Ellam's self feeding and self numbering rotary duplicator, hand and type, £13 10s., never used, just as delivered, will sell for £9 9s., or £6 and part exchange.—Box 606, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

3-seated tri-car, steel frame, 6 h.p. Aster water cooled engine, magneto ignition, wheel steering, 3 speed gearbox, gate change, chain drive, all wheels sprung, handsome, comfortable, wind screen, 50 mile trial intending purchaser, £40.—Box 607, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, first-class ordinary banjo, must be good tone and in fair condition, will buy for cash or exchange a Dallas 6 guinea zither, in cowhide case; write, stating maker.—Box 608, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Blood purifier. Keep you in perfect health; one of the finest known recipes on the market. Recipe with full particulars, post free, 1s. 1d.—Box 4630, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

For increase of height, see Professor Prowse's announcement on page 1750.

Your appearance can be improved by a head of curly hair, send to-day for a bottle of "Curlolena," "The Sure Hair Curler" 1s. 1½d., post free.—A. Fergusson, 82, Nichols Square, Hackney Road, London, N.E. For either ladies or gentlemen.

For trouser press see advt. Simplex Manufacturing Co., page 1758.

Cassell's Educator, half leather, new condition, cost £2 10s.; what offers?—Box 605, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Thornton Pickard, brand new, never been used, Ruby ½ plate, all complete, with stand, lens, slides, shutter, etc., cost £15; sacrifice £7 10s.—Box 609, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Riding breeches, Bedford cord, waist 35in., nearly new, 7s.—Box 610, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Stout gentleman, chest 48in., waist 50in., grey silk lined lounge suit, cost £8 8s.; sacrifice, 50s.; morning suit, 30s.—Box 612, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

FREE SHAVING SET COUPON.

Six of these Coupons, cut from the current issue of MODERN MAN, and a P.O. for 1s. to cover carriage and packing expenses, secures a 5s. Silver Plated Patent MODERN MAN Safety Razor, a Silver Plated Stropper, and a 1s. stick of Shaving Soap in metal tube; all completely packed in handsome case. For particulars see page 1760.

Dated, January 4th, 1913.

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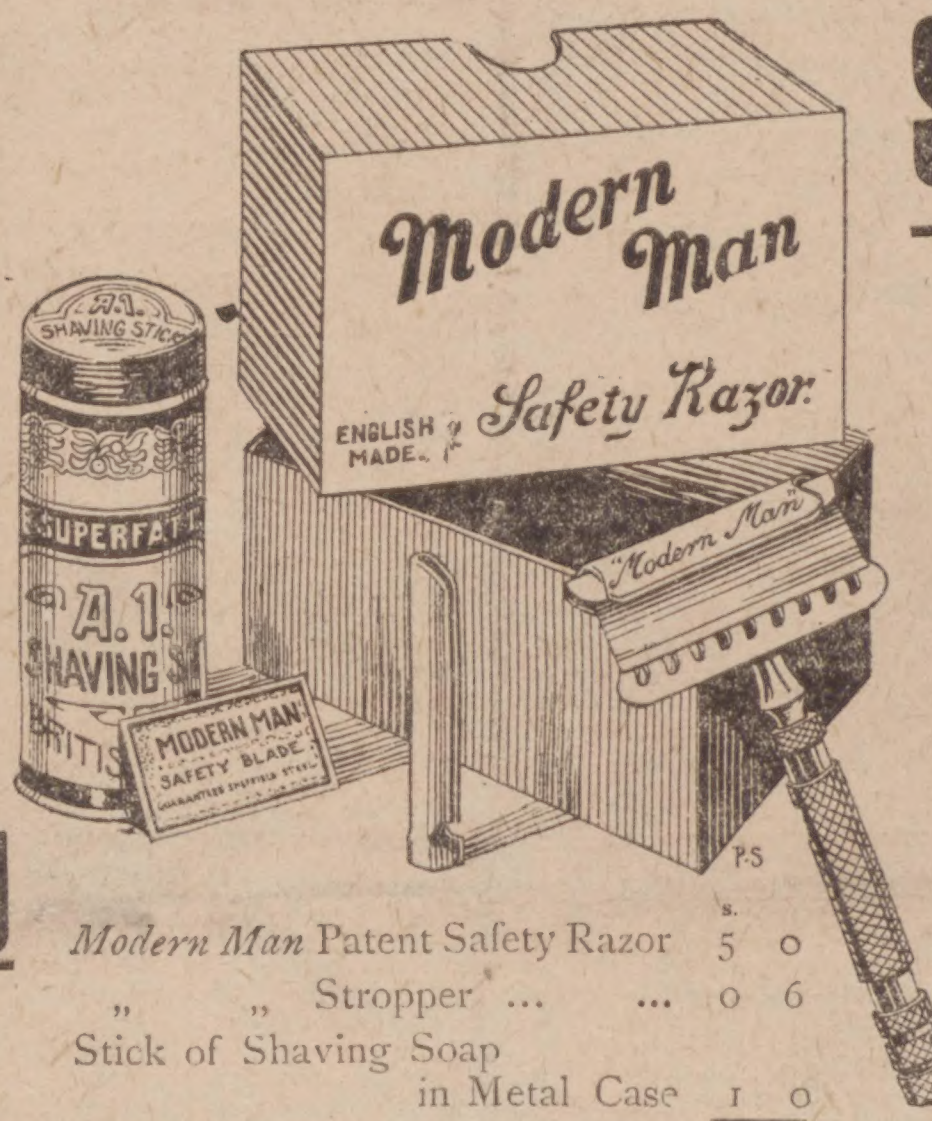

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Remember, all you have to do

is to distribute six copies of the current issue of "Modern Man" among your masculin friends, although, by the bye, the ladies like "Modern Man," but before doing so, cut ou the FREE SHAVING SET coupon on page 1759. Send the six coupons to me together with a P.O. for 1/- to cover carriage and packing expenses of the Shaving Se and I will send you by return the "Modern Man" Silver-plated Safety Razor, Silver-plate Stropper and special stick of Shaving Soap, all complete in case, **ABSOLUTELY FREE OF CHARG**

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